Knocking the Neighbors

GEORGE ADE

Bequest of

Ethel M. Charette

WITHDRAWN

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KNOCKING THE NEIGHBORS

"While thus crisping himself he loved to read News Notes from Gotham"

KNOCKING THE NEIGHBORS

BY GEORGE ADE

AUTHOR OF
"THE COLLEGE WIDOW," "FABLES IN SLANG," ETC.

Illustrated by Albert Leverin

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KNOCKING THE NEIGHBORS

THE ROYSTERING BLADES

OUT in the Celery Belt of the Hinterland there is a stunted Flag-Station.

Number Six, carrying one Day Coach and a Combination Baggage and Stock Car, would pause long enough to unload a Bucket of Oysters and take on a Crate of Eggs.

In this Settlement the Leading Citizens still wear Gum Arctics with large Buckles, and Parched Corn is served at Social Functions.

Two highly respected Money-Getters of pure American Stock held forth in this lonesome Kraal and did a General Merchandizing.

One was called Milt, in honor of the

Blind Poet, and the other claimed the following brief Monicker, to wit: Henry.

These two Pillars of Society had marched at the head of the Women and School Children during the Dry Movement which banished King Alcohol from their Fair City.

As a result of their Efforts, Liquor was not to be obtained in this Town except at the Drug Stores and Restaurants or in the Cellar underlying any well-conducted Home.

For Eleven Months and Three Weeks out of every Calendar Year these two played Right and Left Tackle in the Stubborn Battle to Uplift the Community and better the Moral Tone.

They walked the Straight and Narrow, wearing Blinders, Check-Reins, Hobbles and Interference Pads.

Very often a Mother would hurry her little Brood to the Front Window when

Milt or Henry passed by, carrying under his arm a Package of Corn Flakes and the Report of the General Secretary in charge of Chinese Missionary Work.

"Look!" she would say, indicating Local Paragon with index Finger. "If you always wash behind the Ears and learn your Catechism, you may grow up to be like Him."

But — every Autumn, about the time the Frost is on the Stock Market and Wall Street is in the Shock, Milt and Henry would do a Skylark Ascension from the Home Nest and Wing away toward the Rising Sun.

They called it Fall Buying because both of them Bought and both of them Fell.

At Home neither of them would Kick In for any Pastime more worldly than a 10-cent M. P. Show depicting a large number of Insane People falling over Precipices.

The Blow-Off came on the Trip to the City. That was the Big Entertainment.

Every Nickel that could be held out went into the little Tin Bank, for they knew that when they got together 100 of these Washers, a man up in New York would let them have some Tiffany Water of Rare Vintage, with a Napkin wrapped around it as an Evidence of Good Faith.

On Winter Evenings Milt would don the Velvet Slippers and grill his Lower Extremities on the ornate Portico such as surrounds every high-priced Base-Burner.

While thus crisping himself he loved to read News Notes from Gotham.

He believed what it said in the Paper about a well-known Heiress having the Teeth of her favorite Pomeranian filled with Radium at a Cost of $120,000.

Whenever he got this kind of a Private Peek into the Gay Life of the Modern

Babylon, he began to breathe through his Nose and tug at the Leash.

He longed to dash away on the Erie to look at the Iron Fence in front of the Home of the Pomeranian.

When the Day of Days arrived, Milt and Henry would be seen at the Depot with congested Suit-Case and their Necks all newly shaven and powdered for the approaching Jubilee.

Each had pinned into his college-made Suit enough Currency to lift the Debt on the Parsonage.

Furthermore, each had in his throbbing Heart a determination to shoot Pleasure as it Flies, no matter how many Cartridges it took.

Already they were smoking Foreign Cigars and these were a mere Hint of what the Future had in Store.

While waiting for Number Six they

wired for Two Rooms and Two Baths and to have Relays waiting in the Manicure Parlor.

Up at the Junction, where they caught the Limited, they moved into the High and began to peel from the Roll.

The Steak ordered in the Dining Car hung over the edge of the Table and they scuffled to see which one would pay the Check.

As for the Boy in the Buffet, every time he heard a Sound like 25 Cents he came out of the Dark Room and began to open small Original Packages.

When they approached the Metropolis, via the Tunnel, they thought they were riding in on a Curtiss Bi-Plane.

Between the Taxi and the Register they stopped to shake hands with an Old Friend who wore a White Suit and was known from Coast to Coast as the originator of a Pick-Me-Up which called for everything back of the Working Board except the License.

The Clerk let on to remember them and quoted a Bargain Rate of Six Dollars, meaning by the Day and not by the Month.

They wanted to know if that was the Best he had and he said it was, as the Sons of Ohio were having a Dinner in the Main Banquet Hall.

So they ordered a lot of Supplies sent up to each Room and wanted to know if there was a Good Show in Town — something that had been denounced by the Press.

The Clerk told of one in which Asbestos Scenery was used and Firemen had to stand in the Wings, so they tore over to the News Stand and bought two on the Aisle for $8 from a pale Goddess who kept looking at the Ceiling all during the Negotiations, for she seemed out of Sympathy with her Sordid Surroundings.

Then to the Rooms with their glitter-

ing Bedsteads and insulting prodigality of Towels.

After calling up the Office to complain of the Service, they shook the Moth Balls out of their Henry Millers and began to sort the Studs.

When fully attired in Evening Clothes, including the Sheet-Iron Shoes, they knew they looked like New York Club Men and the Flag Station seemed far away, as in another World.

Instead of the usual 6:30 Repast of Chipped Beef in Cream, Sody Biscuits and a Stoup of Gunpowder Tea, they ordered up Cape Cods, Pommes Let-it-go-at-that, Sweetbreads So-and-so, on and on past the partially heated Duck and Salad with Fringe along the Edges and Cheese that had waited too long and a Check for $17.40 and the Waiter peeved at being slipped a paltry $1.60.

Heigh-ho! It is a Frolicking Life!

Pity the Poor Folks who are now getting ready to court the Hay in Akron, Ohio, and Three Oaks, Michigan, and Tulsa, Oklahoma, with no thought of what they are Missing.

They remembered afterward being in a gilded Play-House with the Activities equally divided between a Trap-Drummer and 700 restless Young Women.

Then, being assailed by the Pangs of Hunger, they went out and purchased Crab Flakes at 20 cents a Flake, after which they paid to get their Hats, and next Morning they were back in their rooms, entirely surrounded by Towels.

On the third Afternoon, Milt suspended Fall Buying long enough to send his Family a Book of Views showing the Statue of Peter Cooper, the Aviary in Bronx Park, and Brooklyn Bridge by Moonlight.

Then, with a Clear Conscience, he went back and put his Foot on the Rail.

The morning on which their Bodies were taken to the Pennyslvania Station broke bright and cheery.

Milt said somebody had fed him a Steam Coié and put Mittens on him and unscrewed his Knee-Caps.

Otherwise, he was O. K.

Henry kept waving the English Sparrows out of the Way, and asking why so many Bells were ringing.

Two weeks later, at the Union Revival Services, when Rev. Poindexter gave out that rousing old Stand-By which begins "Yield Not to Temptation," Milt and Henry arose from the Cushioned Seats and sang their fool Heads off.

MORAL: One who would put Satan on the Mat must get Inside Information from his Training Quarters.

THE FLAT-DWELLER

ONCE there was a tired Denizen of the Big Town whose home was at the end of a Hallway in a Rabbit Warren known as the Minnehaha.

It was not a Tenement, because he had to pay $30 a Month for a compressed Suite overlooking 640 acres of Gravel Roof.

Sitting back in his Morris Chair with his Feet on the tiny Radiator he would read in the Sunday Paper all that Bunk about the Down-and-Outs of the City hiking back to the Soil and making $8,000 a year raising Radishes.

He saw the Pictures of the Waving Trees and the Growing Crops and the oleaginous Natives and he yearned to get out where he

wouldn't hear the Trolleys in the Morning and the Kids could get Milk that came from a Cow.

So he gave up his Job in the Box Factory and moved out to Jasper Township and tackled Intensive Farming.

He had been Precinct Captain in the Ate Ward and by applying Metropolitan Methods at the Yap Primaries he succeeded in breaking into the Legislature and soon owned the Farm on which he lived and two others besides.

MORAL: One may get close to Nature, even in the Country.

THE ADVANTAGE OF A GOOD THING

ONCE there was a prosperous Manufacturer who had made his Stake by handling an every-day Commodity at a small Margin of Profit.

One Morning the Representative of a large Concern dealing in guaranteed Securities came in to sell him some gilt-edged Municipal Bonds that would net a shade under 5 per cent.

"I'll have to look into the Proposition very carefully," said the Investor, as he tilted himself back in his jointed Chair. "I must have the History of all previous Bond Issues under the same Auspices. Also the Report of an Expert as to possible Shrinkage of Assets. Any Investment

should be preceded by a systematic and thorough Investigation."

Having delivered himself of this Signed Editorial he dismissed the Bond Salesman and went back to his Morning Mail.

The next Caller wore a broad Sombrero, leather Leggings, and a Bill Cody Goatee — also the Hair down over the Collar. He looked as if he had just escaped from a Medicine Show. After lowering the Curtains he produced from a Leather Pouch a glistening Nugget which he had found in a lonely Gulch near Death Valley.

The careful Business Guy began to quiver like an Aspen and bought 10,000 shares at $2 a Share on a Personal Guarantee that it would go to Par before Sept. 1st.

MORAL: It all depends on the Bait.

"Found in a lonely Gulch near Death Valley"

THE COMMON CARRIER

ONCE there was a little E-Flat Town that needed a Direct Communication with a Trunk Line.

A Promoter wearing Sunday Clothes and smoking 40-cent Cigars came out from the City to see about it.

The Daily Paper put him on the Front Page. Five Dollars was the Set-Back for each Plate at the Banquet tendered him by the Mercantile Association. A Bonus was offered, together with a Site for the Repair Shops and the Round House.

When the College Graduates in Khaki Suits began to drag Chains across Lots, a wave of Joy engulfed Main Street from the Grain Elevator clear out to the Creamery.

Then came 10,000 Carusos, temporarily residing in Box Cars, to disarrange the Face of Nature and put a Culvert over the Crick. Real Estate Dealers emerged from their Holes and local Rip Van Winkles began to sit up and rub their Eyes.

One morning a Train zipped through the Cut and pulled up at the New Station.

The Road was an Assured Fact. The Rails were spiked down; the Rolling Stock was in Commission; Trains were running according to Schedule.

There was no longer any Reason for Waiting, so the Citizens hiked over to the Court House and began to file Damage Suits. The Town Council started in to pass Ordinances and the Board of Equalization whooped the Taxes.

Horny-handed Jurors hung around the Circuit Court Room waiting for a Chance to take a Wallop at the soulless Corporation.

When the Promoter came along on a Tour of Inspection, the only Person down to meet him was the Sheriff.

Children in the Public School practised the new Oval Penmanship by filling their Copy-Books with the following popular Catch-Line: "When you have a Chance to Soak the Railroad, go to it."

And the Trains never ran to suit Everybody.

MORAL: Go easy with Capital until you get it Roped and Tied.

THE HEIR AND THE HEIRESS

ONCE upon a Time there was a Work-Horse who used to lie awake Nights framing up Schemes to Corral more Collateral to leave to the Olive Branches.

They may have looked like Jimpson Weeds to the rest of the World but to Pa and Ma they were A-1 Olive Branches.

Pa was a self-made Proposition — Sole-Leather, Hand-Stitched and Four-Ply, with Rivets around the Edge.

His Business Career had been one long Rassle with Adverse Circumstances. Nothing was ever handed to him on a Sheffield Tray with Parsley around it. The World owed him a Living, but in order

to collect it he had to conduct his Arguments with a piece of Lead-Pipe.

He was out for the Kale, if you know what that means. He was collecting Hebrew Diplomas and he had a special Liking for the light-colored Variety with a large C in the Corner.

He was going to provide for his Family, regardless of what happened to other Families.

He had a little Office back of the Bank and made a Specialty of helping those overtaken by Trouble. Any one in Financial Straits who went into the Back Office to arrange for a Loan was expected to open Negotiations by removing the Right Eye and laying it on the Table.

Pa had Mormon Whiskers and a Mackerel Eye and wore a Shawl instead of an Overcoat and kept a little Bag of Peppermint Drops in his Tail-Pocket and walked

Pussy-Foot and took more Stock in Isaiah than he did in the Sermon on the Mount.

The Above is merely a Rough Outline, but it will help you to understand why his Wife preceded him to the Other Shore.

She was a Good Woman who never formed the Matinee Habit and up to the Day of her Death she could put her Hand on her Heart and truly say that she had not wasted any Money on Jewelry or Cut Flowers.

But she could have written a large Book on how it feels to get up in the Morning and stir a little Oatmeal.

Pa and Ma saved and skimped and held out and trimmed and maneuvered for Years.

They had been brought up in the School of Hard Knocks, but they wanted Bertrand and Isabel to go through Life on Ball Bearings.

Pa finally went to his Reward, according to the Local Paper, and then it came out that Bertrand and Isabel had $400,000 each, which was more than Pa had ever turned in to the Assessor.

These two Children had been sheltered from the Great World, although never stinted in the matter of Sassafras Tea or the Privilege of reading Books written by Josephus and others.

As soon as he came into his Inheritance, Bertrand looked about in a startled Manner and then bought himself a Plush Hat and began to cultivate Pimples.

A few Days later he might have been seen riding in a Demonstrating Car with a Salesman who wore Goggles and who told him that all the Swell Guys were putting in Orders for the $6,200 Type with the jeweled Mud-Guards. And next Morning the Sexton observed that Father, by turn-

ing over in the Grave, had somewhat loosened the fresh Earth.

Bertrand had Modern Plumbing put into the Old House and built a Porte Cochere on the Side and moved a lot of Red Velvet Furniture into the Parlor. Some said that the Moaning Sound heard at Night was only the Wind in the Evergreens, but others allowed that it was the returned Spirit of the Loan Agent checking over the Expenses.

Isabel stopped wearing Things that scratched her and began ordering from a Catalogue, because the Local Dealers didn't carry anything but Common Stuff. Also she began to Entertain, and the first time she served Hot-House Asparagus in January, the House rocked on its Foundations.

Bertrand soon knew the Difference between a Rickey and a Sour and was trying to pretend to let on to be fond of the Smoky

Taste in that Imported Article which has done so much to mitigate the Horrors of Golf.

In the meantime, Isabel had got so far along that she could tell by the Feel whether the Goods were real or only Mercerized, and each Setting Sun saw a new Crimp in the Bank Account.

All Statisticians agree that a couple of Heirs can spend Much Money and yet besides if they do not work at anything else. Especially when every Pearl in the Rope represents a Chattel Mortgage and a fancy Weskit is a stand-off for One Month's Rent of a good piece of Town Property.

Bertrand married a tall Blonde who knew that Columbus discovered America and which kind of Massage Cream to buy, and let it go at that.

They went abroad and began to Ritz themselves. Every time Madam walked

into one of those places marked "English Spoken while you Wait" — Zing! The Letter of Credit resembled a piece of Apple Pie just after the willing Farm Hand has taken a Hack at it.

Isabel hastened to make an Alliance with one of the oldest and toniest Families west of Bucyrus and north of Evansville. She succeeded in capturing an awful Swell Boy who wore an Outside Pocket on his Dress Coat and made a grand Salad Dressing (merely rubbing the Bowl with a Sprig of Garlic) and was otherwise qualified to maintain Social Leadership all the way from the Round House up to the Hub and Spoke Factory on the Hill.

Isabel's Husband built a House near the Country Club so as to get the Automobile Trade, coming and going. Some of the Best People would drop in and show the Ice-Box how to take a Joke.

Late at Night, when a Hush fell upon the $28,000 Bungalow, the Deep Quiet signified that some had Passed Away and others had locked Horns at Bridge — 10 Cents a Point.

Even Lake Superior would go Dry if tapped at two different Points by Drain Pipes of Sufficient Diameter.

After Bertrand returned from Europe with his Paintings and a Table d'Hôte Vocabulary, he and Brother-in-Law began to compare Mortgages. By consulting the Road-Map they discovered that the Primrose Path would lead them over a high Precipice into a Stone Quarry, so they decided to take a Short Cut at Right Angles and head for the Millionaire Colony.

The Day they started for New York City with a Coil of Strong Rope, their purpose being to tie Kuhn, Loeb Co., Hand and Foot. it is said that a long verti-

cal Crack appeared in one of the most expensive Monuments in Springvale Cemetery, as if some one underneath had been trying to break out and Head Off something.

In preserving the form of a Narrative it becomes necessary to add that Bertrand is now the obliging Night Clerk at a Hotel in Louisville, with a Maximum Rate of $1.50 Single and a Shower Bath.

Brother-in-Law is Assistant Treasurer at a Temple of Amusement which guarantees all the latest and best Films.

What became of the Bundle?

Listen.

When Pa locked up his Desk and started for the Pearly Gates, he left behind in the office an humble Man Friday, who took care of the Books and did the Collecting.

This Understrapper was a Model Citizen

of 35 who wore a plain String Tie, drank Malted Milk and was slightly troubled with Bronchitis.

When the Children began throwing it at the Birds, he bought himself a Net and got Busy.

Any time Anybody wanted to plaster a Mortgage on a Desirable Corner he was there with a Fountain Pen and a Notary.

It nearly broke his Back to carry all the Property, but he kept buying it in and then hung over his Desk until all Hours of the Night figuring how he could meet the Payments.

He wore the same Overcoat for nine years and his Wife never saw one of those Hats with Magoozulum and Bazoosh flounced all over it unless she went down town and looked through a Window.

One Day a friend remonstrated with the Slave.

"Why are you wearing yourself to a Shadow and getting Old before your Time?" he asked. "What shall it avail a Man if he is Principal Depositor at a Bank when it comes to riding behind Horses that wear Plumes?"

"I will tell you," replied the Slave. "I have a Boy named Bertrand and a little Girl named Isabel and my Wife and I have decided that it is our Duty to leave them Well-Fixed."

MORAL: Somebody must rake up the Leaves before the Young People can have a successful Bon-Fire.

THE UNDECIDED BACHELORS

ONCE upon a Time two Mavericks lived together in a Cubby-Hole in a European Hotel in a surging Metropolis.

They worked for a grinding Corporation, each pulling down a Stipend that enabled him to indulge in Musical Comedies, Rotation Pool, Turkish Cigarettes, Link Buttons and other Necessities of Life.

Often they would put their Feet on the Window Sill and talk about the Future.

They said that every Man should have a Home of his Own. To the Beanery thrice a Day and then back to the Box Stall was no Life for a refined Caucasian.

Number One had a Theory that Two could get along as cheaply as One, if the

Wife would practise Rigid Economy. Rents were lower in the Suburbs. He looked up into the Pipe-Smoke and caught a Vision of a Bungalow with Hollyhocks in front and a Hammock swinging in the Breeze. Somehow he felt that he never would save any Money until he took the High Jump and became a Family Man.

Number Two had a vague Yearning to experiment with Matrimony, but he said he would wait until he was Fixed. When he could open up the little old Bank-Book and see in plain sight the Ice-Box and the Talking Machine and the Dining-Room Chairs, then, and not until then, would he ask a Nice Girl to leave a Comfortable Home and take a Gamble.

Number One picked out a Stenographer who was ready to retire, on account of her Spelling, and then he called on the License

Clerk, a Presbyterian Minister and the Weekly Payment Shark.

He packed up his Banjo and the Military Brushes and left Number Two marooned in the Rat Pit with the Oak Dresser and the Pictures of Anna Held on the Wall.

Number Two said he would swim the River and join him in the Promised Land as soon as he was Two Thousand to the Good.

Soon after the break-up of the Damon and Pythias Combination, one of them was transferred to the Detroit Branch.

They did not meet again until ten years later.

One day the Benedict had little Marjorie and the Baby out at the Public Zoo, so they could hear the Sea Lions bark, when Number Two came along in a Sight-Seeing Automobile with other Delegates to the

National Conclave of the Knights of Neurasthenia.

It was a Happy Meeting between the two Old Friends.

Number One reported that his Little Girl could recite long Poems by Heart and was about to take Music Lessons. He was living in a Flat, but was about to move.

Number Two said he was Finer than Silk except that Hotel Cooking had got to him at last and he had to stop in and see an Osteopath every Morning.

"You are still Unmarried?" asked Number One.

"Yes," was the Reply. "I am still $2,230 Shy of what a Guy needs before tackling such a risky Game. How are you making it?"

"I am Broke, thank you," replied Number One.

With the utmost Good Feeling reëstab-

lished between them, they took Marjorie and the Baby over to see the Sacred Cow and the other Dumb Animals.

MORAL: Opportunity knocks once at Every Man's Door and then keeps on Knocking.

THE WONDERFUL MEAL OF VITTLES

ONCE upon a Time a Rugged Character from the Middle West was in New York City fixing up a Deal.

Although he wore overlapping Cuffs and a ready-made Tie, he had a Rating, so a certain Promoter with an Office in Broad Street found it advisable to make a Fuss over him.

The Promoter invited the prospective Mark to Luncheon and arranged to have the same served in a snug Corner entirely screened by Oleanders and Palms.

The Chef received private Instructions to throw himself, so he personally supervised a dainty Menu.

When the Visitor entered the far-famed

Establishment and found himself entirely protected from the Vulgar Gaze he knew that at last he was in the Headquarters for sure-enough Food.

"What is it?" he asked, gazing into the limpid Amber of the First Course.

"Turtle Soup," replied the Host.

"We shoot the Blame Things just for Practice, out our Way," said the Guest, "but if I went Home and told my Wife I'd been eatin' Turtle she wouldn't live with me."

So the Alsatian Nobleman hurried it away and substituted a Tid-Bit with Cray-Fish as the principal Ornament in the Ensemble.

"It's a Craw-Dabber!" exclaimed the horrified Man from the Prairies. "I see Ten Million of them little Cusses every Spring, but I wouldn't touch one with a Ten-Foot Pole."

To relieve the embarrassing Situation, the Host gave a Sign and the Menials came running with the Third Course, a tempting array of Frog Saddles.

"A Frog is a Reptile," said the Hoosier, backing away from the Table. "I've heard they were Et, but I never believed it. I can go out any Morning and gather a Car-Load."

The next Serving was Breast of Guinea Hen with Mushrooms under Glass on the Side.

"On my Farm I've got a lot of these Things," said the Guest, poking at the Guinea Hen timidly with his Fork. "We use them as Alarm Clocks, but I'd just as soon eat a Turkey Buzzard."

"How about the Mushrooms?"

"Eight People in our Township were poisoned this Summer from foolin' with that Truck. My pasture's speckled with 'em,

but we never pick 'em. Most of them are Toadstools. I tried a Real One once at a K. P. Banquet. It tasted a good deal like a Rubber Glove."

The only remaining Item before Dessert was a tempting Salad of Water Cress.

The Guest identified it as something that grew in the Crick below the Spring and was commonly classified as Grass.

"Perhaps you had better order for Yourself," said the Host, as the lowly Water Cress followed the others into the Discard.

The Guest motioned the Waiter to come close and said: "I want a nice Oyster Stew and some Sparkling Burgundy."

MORAL: A Delicacy is something not raised in the same County.

THE GALLOPING PILGRIM

A CERTAIN affluent Bachelor happened to be the only Grandson of a rugged Early Settler who wore a Coon-Skin Cap and drank Corn Juice out of a Jug. Away back in the Days when every Poor Man had Bacon in the Smoke House, this Pioneer had been soaked in a Trade and found himself loaded up with a Swamp Subdivision in the Edge of Town.

Fifty years later the City had spread two miles beyond the Swamp and Grandson was submerged beneath so much Unearned Increment that he began to speak with what sounded to him like an English Accent and his Shirts were ordered from Paris.

On the 1st of every Month the Agents

would crawl into the Presence of the Grandson of the mighty Muskrat Hunter and dump before him a Wagon-load of Paper Money which had been snatched away from the struggling Shop-Keepers, who, in turn, had wheedled it from the People who paid a Nickel apiece for Sunday Papers so as to look at the Pictures of the Decorations in the Supper Room at the Assembly Ball graced by the Presence of the aforesaid Bachelor whose Grandfather had lifted the original Catfish out of the Chicago River.

Then the Representative of the Old Family would take a Garden Rake and pattern all this hateful Currency into a neat Mound, after which a milk-fed Secretary would iron it out and disinfect it and sprinkle it with Lilac Water and tie it into artistic Packets, using Old Gold Ribbon.

After that, it was Hard Lines for the Bachelor, because he had to sit by a win-

dow at the Club and dope out some new Way of getting all that Coin back into Circulation.

As a result of these Herculean Efforts to vaporize his Income, he found himself at the age of 40 afflicted with Social Gastritis. He had gorged himself with the Pleasures of this World until the sight of a Menu Card gave him the Willies and the mere mention of Musical Comedy would cause him to break down and Cry like a Child.

He had crossed the Atlantic so often that he no longer wished to sit at the Captain's Table. He had rolled them high at Monte Carlo and watched the Durbar at Delhi and taken Tea on the Terrace at Shepheard's in Cairo and rickshawed through Japan and ridden the surf in Honolulu, while his Name was a Household Word among the Barmaids of the Ice Palace in London, otherwise known as the Savoy.

"He had to sit by a window at the club and dope out some new way of getting all that coin back into circulation"

Occasionally he would return to his provincial Home to raise the Rents on the Shop-Keepers and give out an Interview criticising the New School of Politicians for trifling with Vested Interests and seeking to disturb Existing Conditions.

Any time his Rake-Off was reduced from $10 a Minute to $9.98 he would let out a Howl like a Prairie Wolf and call upon Mortimer, his Man, for Sympathy.

After Twenty Years of getting up at Twilight to throw aside the Pyjamas and take a Tub and ease himself into the Costume made famous by John Drew, the Routine of buying Golden Pheasants and Special Cuvee Vintages for almost-Ladies, preserved by Benzoate of Soda and other Chemical Mysteries, began to lose its Sharp Zest.

In other Words, he was All In.

He was Track-Sore and Blasé and full of

Ongway. He had played the whole String and found there was nothing to it and now he was ready to retire to a Monastery and wear a Gunny-Sack Smoking Jacket and live on Spinach.

The Vanities of the Night-World had got on his Nerves at last. Instead of sitting 8 Feet away from an Imported Orchestra at 2 A. M. and taunting his poor old Alimentary System with Sea Food, he began to prefer to take a 10-Grain Sleeping Powder and fall back in the Alfalfa.

About Noon the next Day he would come up for Air, and in order to kill the rest of the Day he would have to hunt up a Game of Auction Bridge with three or four other gouty old Mavericks.

When the Carbons begin to burn low in the sputtering Arc Lights along the Boulevard of Pleasure and the Night Wind cuts like a Chisel and the Reveler finds his

bright crimson Brannigan slowly dissolving itself into a Bust Head, there is but one thing for a Wise Ike to do and that is to Chop on the Festivities and beat it to a Rest Cure.

That is just what the well-fixed Bachelor decided to do.

He resolved to Marry and get away from the Bright Lights and lie down somewhere in a quilted Dressing Gown and a pair of Soft Slippers and devote the remainder of his Life to a grand clean-up of the Works of Arnold Bennett.

He selected a well-seasoned Señorita who was still young enough to show to your Men Friends but old enough to cut out all the prevalent Mushgush about the Irish Drama and Norwegian Art and Buddhism and the true Symbolism of Russian Dancing.

Best of all, she had a spotless Reputation,

holding herself down to one Bronx at a Time and always going behind a Screen to do her Inhaling.

They were Married according to the new Ceremonies devised by the Ringling Brothers. As they rode away to their Future Home, the old Stager leaned back in the Limousine and said: "At last the Bird has Lit. I am going to put on the Simple Life for an Indefinite Run. I have played the Hoop-La Game to a Standstill, so it is me for a Haven of Rest."

As soon as they were safely in their own Apartments, the beautiful Bride began to do Flip Flops and screech for Joy.

"At last I have a License to cut loose!" she exclaimed. "For years I have hankered and honed to be Dead Game and back Excitement right off the Cards, but every time I pulled a Caper the stern-faced Mater would be at Elbow, saying: 'Nix

on the Acrobatics or you'll lose your Number.' Now I'm a regular honest-to-goodness Married Woman and I don't recognize any Limit except the Sky-Line. I grabbed you because I knew you had been to all the Places that keep Open and could frame up a new Jamboree every day in the Year. I'm going to plow an 8-foot Furrow across Europe and Dine forevermore at Swell Joints where famous Show Girls pass so close to your Table that you can almost reach out and Touch them. I'm going to Travel 12 months every Year and do all the Stunts known to the most imbecile Globe-Trotter."

A few Weeks after that, a Haggard Man with tattered Coat-Tails was seen going over the old familiar Jumps.

MORAL: Those who Marry to Escape something usually find Something Else.

THE PROGRESSIVE MANIAC

ONCE there was a staid and well-behaved Citizen who took home a dab of Steak, wrapped up in Brown paper, nearly every Evening, and found his Excitement by working on the Puzzle Column in the Church Paper.

In order to run out to his Farm and save the Expense of keeping a Gee-Gee, he purchased a kind of Highway Beetle, known as a Runabout. It was a One-Lunger with a Wheel Base of nearly 28 inches and two Coal Oil Gleamers.

When standing still, it panted like a Dachshund and breathed Blue Smoke through the Gills.

It steered with a Rudder, the same as a

Canal Boat, and every time it started up a 4 per cent Grade it became Black in the Face and tried to lie down.

All the large brutal-looking Cars with the swollen Wheels came along and tried to Ditch him. They showed him the same courteous consideration that would be lavished upon a Colored Republican Orator in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

When he pulled up alongside of the Road to adjust the Buzzer and jiggle the Feed and clean the Plug, the idle Spectators would stand around and remark that the mixture was wrong and the Ignition was Punk and the Transmission was a Fliv. So he knew he was In Wrong.

He traded for a dashing 2-Cylinder Affair painted Red, with a Tonneau as wide and roomy as a Telephone Booth, and approached from the extreme Rear by a small Door, as in the case of a Blind Pig.

When he turned in the Runabout, he was allowed one Outer Casing and a Monkey-wrench in Exchange.

He was Some Motorist for about Three Weeks after the delivery of Juggernaut Number Two. He wore Leather Clothes, the same as Barney Oldfield.

But when he bumped up against the Owners of the Big Touring Cars he was just as much at home as a One-armed Man at a Husking Bee.

He began to discover that in the Gasoline Set a Man is rated by the number of Cylinders he carries.

At the beginning of the Third Season we find him steering a long, low, rakish Chariot of Fire, with a Clock, a Trunk-Rack, an Emergency Ice-Box and all the other Comforts of Home. He had learned to smell a Constable a Mile off and whenever he ran up behind a Pewee Coffee-Grinder he

went into the High and made the Cheap Machine look like a Fish.

Whenever the Bobbler pointed to anything short of 40 he felt that he was just the same as standing still. He loved to throw open the Muffler and hit the High Spots, never stopping until the Wheels became clogged up with Live Stock and Poultry.

One day while he was breezing along the Pike at the easy Clip usually maintained by the Twentieth Century Limited, he heard behind him a low and sullen Roar, as of the Wind playing through 1,000 Pine Trees, and something Gray and about as long-waisted as a Torpedo Boat shot past him and went over the Hill. He fell forward on the Wheel and began to Weep.

He had been Shown Up.

He knew that he could never look his Fellow-Man in the Eye until he traded in

and got a Six with enough Power to jump Small Streams and Climb Trees.

At last he appeared on the Road with the Real Thing. It had Armor Plate all over it and a 10-foot Cow Catcher in front, and the Driver had to sit on the Small of his Back and wear a Helmet.

The Morning he ran it out of the Garage a Prominent Insurance Company foreclosed on the Farm, but he was in a cheery Mood, for he knew he could cut Rings around any other Balloon in the County.

One Morning he went around a Curve on Two Wheels and tried to dislodge a New Bridge turned out by the Steel Trust and imbedded in solid Concrete.

A Neighbour went to the Widow and Said: "I have Sad News for you. Your Husband has gone to his Reward."

"When did he start?" asked the Bereaved Woman.

"At Ten Thirty-Eight," was the Reply.

"What Time is it Now?"

"It lacks Four Minutes of being Eleven o'Clock."

"Well," she remarked, in a Relieved Tone, "He must be There by this Time, unless he has had a Puncture."

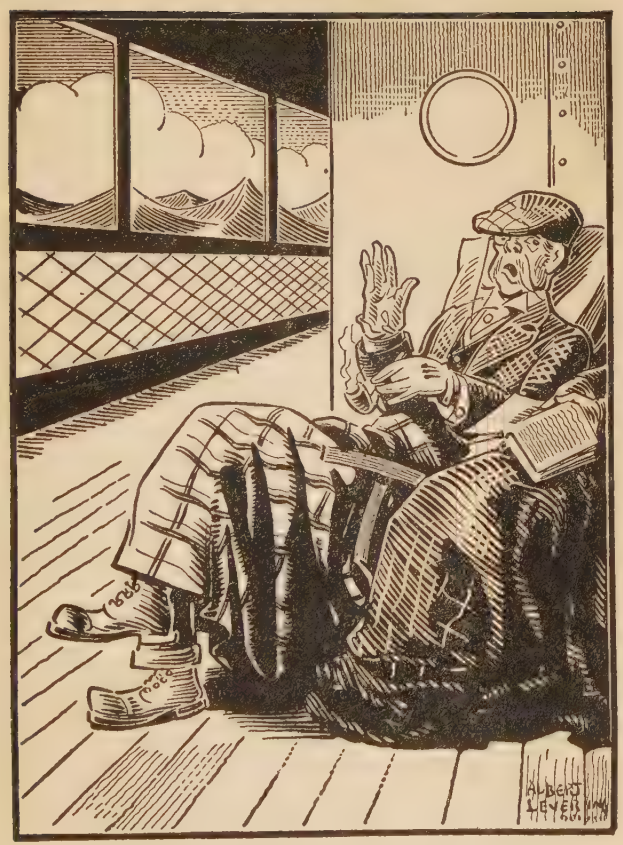
MORAL: The Cocaine and Morphine Habits can be Cured.

COGNIZANT OF OUR SHORTCOMINGS

ON the deck of a Trans-Atlantic Skiff a certain Old Traveler, who owed allegiance to George and Mary, reclined on his Cervical Vertebrae with a Plaid Shawl around him and roasted Our Native Land.

He told the American in the next Steamer Chair that he had been unable to get his Tea at the usual Hour, and out in that place called Minnie-Apples the stupid Waiter never had heard of Bloaters for Breakfast. Furthermore, he had not seen his Boots again after placing them outside the Door in Chicago.

The Houses were overheated and the Railway Carriages were not like those at



"A Certain Old Traveler"

Home, and the Reporters were Forward Chaps, and Ice should not be added with the Soda, because it was not being Done.

He was jolly glad to escape from the Wretched Hole and get back to his own Lodgings, where he could go into Cold Storage and have a Joint of Mutton and Brussels Sprouts as often as desired.

The Yankee cringed under the Attack and then fully agreed with the Son of amphibious Albion. He said we were a new and crude People who did not know how to wear Evening Clothes or eat Stilton Cheese, and our Politicians were corrupt, and Murderers went unpunished, while the Average Citizen was a dyspeptic Skate afflicted with Moral Strabismus.

Then he retired to his State Room to weep over the Situation, and the British Subject said: "The American is a Pol-

troon, for he will not defend his own Hearth and Fireside."

A Cook's Tourist from Emporia, Kansas, dropped into the Vacant Chair. When the Delegate from The Rookery, Wormwood Scrubs, Islington S. E., resumed his scorching Arraignment of the U. S. A., he got an awful Rise out of the Boy from the Corn Belt.

The Emporia Man said there were more Bath Tubs to the Square Mile out in his Burg than you could find in the West End of London, and more Paupers and Beggars in one Square Mile of the East End of London than you could find in the whole State of Kansas. He said there were fewer Murders in England because good Opportunities were being overlooked.

He said he could Tip any one in England except, possibly, the Archbishop of Canterbury.

It was his unbiased Opinion that London consisted of a vast swarm of melancholy Members of the Middle and Lower Classes of the Animal Kingdom who ate Sponge Cake with Clinkers in it, drank Tea, smoked Pipes and rode by Bus, and thought they were Living.

Standing beneath the rippling folds of Old Glory, the proud Citizen of the Great Republic declared that we could wallop Great Britain at any Game from Polo up to Prize-Fighting and if we cut down on the the Food Supplies the whole blamed Runt of an undersized Island would starve to death in a Week.

With quivering Nostrils, he heaped Scorn and Contumely upon any Race that would call a Pie a Tart. In conclusion, he expressed Pity for those who never had tasted Corn on the Cob.

After he had gone up to the Bridge Deck

to play Shuffle-Board, the Representative of the Tightest little Island on the Map took out his Note-Book and made the following Entry: "Every Beggar living in the States is a Bounder and a Braggart."

That evening in the Smoke Room he began to pull his favorite Specialty of ragging the Yanks on a New Yorker, who interrupted him by saying: "Really I know nothing about my own Country. I spend the Winter in Egypt, the Spring in London, the Summer in Carlsbad, and the Autumn in Paree."

So the Traveler afterward reported to a Learned Society that the Typical American had become a denatured Expatriate.

MORAL: No Chance.

THE DIVINE SPARK

ONE Evening at a Converted Rink known as the Grand Opera House, a flock of intrepid Amateurs put on a War Drama.

Lila, principal Child of the Egg and Poultry King, played a Daughter of the Southland, with her Hair shaken out and Lamp Black on her Eye-Winkers, so as to look like Maxine.

All of her Relations and the other Members of the Pocahontas Bridge Whist and Pleasure Club were in Front, and they gave her a Hand every time she stepped out from behind a Tree.

She scored what is known in the Ibsen Cult as a Knock-Out.

At 11 P. M. she was up on a lonesome

Eminence, right between Sara Bernhardt and Julia Marlowe, waiting for a Telegram from C. F. to come on and tackle any Rôle that was too Heavy for Maude Adams.

The proud Parents awoke next Morning to discover that Lady Macbeth was boarding with them.

When she moved from one Room to another, the Portières had to be spread the entire length of the Pole, so as to make Room for her Head.

A local Haberdasher, who had been plotting to surround her with a new Bungalow and a lot of Mission Furniture, went to call as per Usual and found her away Up Stage, trying to look like Margaret Anglin in the Big Scene.

She was too busy to Hold Hands, for she was mapping out a Career which terminated with an Electric Sign on Broadway

"She was too busy to Hold Hands, for she was mapping out a Career"

and the Street jammed with up-town Limousines.

So the Gents' Furnisher moved down the Street to a Brick House, the unmarried Inmates of which would begin burning Greek Fire and sending up Balloons every time a Live One Slammed the Front Gate.

Lila had the Bacillus Theatricus gnawing in every part of her System.

She could see the magnificent Play House crowded from Pit to Dome, just as the Producing Manager sees it every August when the Pipe is drawing freely.

She could hear the Leading Man in the Dress Suit say, as he pointed up the Marble Stairway, "Ah, here comes the Countess Zika now." And then She would enter trippingly, wearing $900 worth of spangled Raiment, whereupon the Vast Audience would stand up and Cheer.

Whilst enjoying this Trance she wore a

Yellow Kimono and had her Meals sent to the Room.

Father saw that he was Hooked, so he loaded her into a Parlor Car and took her up to a School of Dramatic Art to have her searched for Talent.

The Head Crimp of this refined Shake-Down watched her do the Scene in which Ophelia goes Dotty and picks the imaginary Dandelions, and when it was all over and Shakespeare had been reduced to a Pulp, he slapped old Ready Money on the Back and told him his Daughter was a Phenom.

She had the Dramatic Instinct and the Fire of Genius and that indefinable Something which enables Eva Tanguay to earn more than the President of the United States.

With a couple of hundred Lessons in Correct Breathing, and the Vocal Chords loosened up with a Glove-Stretcher, and a

row of Scallops put on the Technique, Mary Anderson would be right back in our midst.

So Lila got ready to fill the Vacancy caused by the Retirement of Ellen Terry, while Papa went back to the little Office in one corner of the Ware-House and began to sign Checks.

It took many an Egg to have Lila properly Conservatoried.

At last she came home With a Diploma showing that she was an Actress.

After that, she merely needed a Play and a Company and a lot of Scenery and a Manager and a Theater and the soft old Public buying of the Scalpers, in order to realize her modest Ambition to become a Real Star.

She took her Diploma and the Local Press Notices up to New York to see what she could get on them, and found 10,000

other incipient Modjeskas hitting the worn Trail that led from one Agency to another.

Artistic Temperaments were more Abundant than Lamp Posts, and getting an Audience with a Big Gun was just as easy as Opening a Time-Lock with a Hat Pin.

She had an offer at the Hippodrome to walk in front of an Elephant waving a prop Palm, but she spurned it, because she was ready to do Desdemona at a Moment's Notice.

As for the Laudatory Article written by a would-be Willie Winter of the wild and wooly West, she couldn't find any one in the neighborhood of 42nd Street who had even heard of the Tank Town in which her Folks were so Prominent.

In order to get Experience, she signed up with a No. 4 Company, playing the Part of the deaf-and-dumb lady who crosses the

Stage and removes the Tea Things early in the Second Act.

When the Troupe went on the Rocks at Mauch Chunk, Penna., the erstwhile Favorite of the Pocahontas Club found herself seated on a Trunk marked "Theater" standing off a Deputy Sheriff and waiting for an Answer to her Wire.

The First Old Woman, who remembered Edwin Booth, came and sat beside her.

"Do not be discouraged, Honey," said She. "Go right back and start all over, and possibly sometime Next Year you will again have the blessed Privilege of going up a neglected Alley twice a Day and changing your Clothes in a Barn. Any Girl with your Looks and Family Connections can curl up in a Four-Poster at night and then saunter to the Bath over a soft Rug in the Morning, but only a throbbing Genius can make these Night Jumps in a Day

Coach and stop at a Hotel which is operated as an Auxiliary to a first-class Saloon. It will be Hard Sledding for the first 15 or 20 Years but, by the time you are 45, you may reasonably count on getting 20 Weeks out of every 52, running around in front of a Kinetoscope."

Lila pulled into the Scene of her Early Triumphs with a mere suggestion of No. 2 Grease Paint still lingering behind the Ears.

As the Train rolled through the Yards, the Foreman of the Section Gang narrowly escaped being hit in the Head with a tin Make-Up Box hurled from the rear of the Observation Car.

Next day she had a strip of Red Carpet spread for the Haberdasher and was learning to Cook in Paper Bags.

Whenever she hears of a Good Show coming to Town she invites all of her Friends

to come out to the Bungalow and Play Rhum on the Mission Furniture.

MORAL: The True Friend of Humanity is one who goes to the Home Talent Benefit for Something and Hisses all Evening.

TWO PHILANTHROPIC SONS

TWO Boys sallied forth from a straggling Village in search of an irrational Female known as Dame Fortune.

It was a sad Jolt to the Walking Vegetables back in the Stockade when they heard, on Good Authority, that Ezra and Bill were slamming it over the Plate and batting above .400.

They simply wagged the ossified Domes and hoped the Boys were getting it Honestly.

Ezra and Bill, up among the inflammatory Posters and the nervous Electric Signs, kept on playing Tag with the Sherman Act until they had it in Oodles and Bundles and Bales and Stacks.

Finally when they became so prosperous that they had to wear Shoes specially made, with Holes in the top, they began to be troubled with Tender Recollections of Humble Birthplace.

Through the Haze of Intervening Years they saw the Game of Two-Old-Cat in the Vacant Lot back of the M. E. Church and forgot all about sleeping in the refrigerated Attic and going down in the morning to thaw out the Wooden Pump.

They yearned to elbow out from the Congested Traffic of the cold and heartless City and renew Sweet Associations.

They wanted to wander once more down the Avenues of Rhubarb and clasp hands with Old Friends whose simple Hearts averaged about 14 Throbs to the Minute.

It is the regulation Dream of every Financial Yeggman to go back to his Old Town wearing a Laurel Wreath and have

the School Children throw Moss Roses in his Pathway.

So Ezra sent on a Proposition.

He wanted to build a Library at the corner of Fifth and Main, thereby making it easy for his old Neighbors to read the Six Best Sellers without plugging the Author's Game.

He offered to give 20,000 Bucks if the Citizens would raise 5,000 more and maintain the Thing.

Ezra had not been in the Habit of reading anything except the Tape and he cared about as much for George Bernard Shaw as George Bernard Shaw cared for him.

Nevertheless, he wanted to be remembered, 50 Years hence, as the Man who built the Library and not as the Guy who dealt from the Bottom of the Deck, utilizing the Sleeve Device and the Bosom Hold-Out.

By the use of Anaesthetics and Forceps the 5,000 was secured.

Then the Building was erected and the only Criticism made was that the Location was poor and the dod-blasted Concern looked like a Barn and it was arranged wrong inside and nobody didn't want no Library nohow.

When Ezra came down to the Dedication to face an outraged and tax-burdened People, he was just as popular as Tonsilitis or Sciatica ever dared to be.

Bill came back also.

He floated into Town one day and appeared in Jimison's General Store and called for a Good Cigar.

He told Mr. Jimison to take one and called up the Boys around the Stove.

When the Word got out that Bill was Buying over at the Bee Hive, representative Citizens came on the Jump from the Har-

ness Shop and the Undertaking Parlors and the Elite Bowling Alley.

Every Man that showed up got a Lottie Lee with a Band around it, and when Bill left on the 3:40 a Mob followed him to the Train.

Ever after that the Word was freely passed around that Bill was a Prince.

MORAL: In scattering Seeds of Kindness, do it by Hand and not by Machinery.

THE JUVENILE AND MANKIND

ONCE there was a Kid who wore a Uniform that fit him too Soon and a Cap on one Ear. His Job was to answer the Buzzer and take Orders from any one who could show 25 Cents.

In the Morning he might be acting as Pack-Pony for some Old Lady on a Shopping Spree and in the Afternoon he would be delivering a Ton of Coal.

He had been waved aside by Butlers and ordered about by Blond Stenographers and joshed by Traveling Salesmen until his Child-Nature was hard and flinty.

In answering the Call of Duty he had gone to the Dressing Room and taken a private Flash at the Magazine Beauty before she

began to attach the Hair or spread the Enamel.

He had been in the private Lair of the Sure-Thingers when they were cooking up some new Method of collecting much Income without moving out of their Chairs.

He had been by while Husbands, with the Scotch standing high in the Gauge, collaborated on the Lie which was to pacify little Katisha, waiting in the Flat.

Before delivering this Masterpiece of Fiction he would have to do a little Sherlocking and finally locate Katisha in one of those Places where they serve it in Tea-Cups.

In the Homes of the Rich and Great where he delivered Orchids and Invitations and perfumed Regrets he would overhear Candid Expressions which indicated that

"They fell to talking of the Future"

every Social Leader was trying to slip Knock-Out Drops into somebody else's Claret Cup.

Around the Haunts of Business he would stand on one Foot while the Boss carefully worded the Message which was to read like a Contract while leaving a Loop-Hole about the size of the Hudson Tunnel.

One night the Kid was returning homeward with a Comrade in Misery. As the Trolley carried them toward that portion of the City where Children are still in Vogue, they fell to talking of the Future and what it might have in Store for a Bright Boy who could keep on the Trot all day and sustain himself by eating Cocoa-Nut Pie.

The Comrade hoped to be a Vaudeville Actor, but the Kid said, after some Meditation: "During the past Two Years I have mingled in all Grades of Society and I

have decided to round out my Career by being a Deep-Sea Diver."

MORAL: A little Learning is a dangerous thing and a good deal of it is Suffocating.

THE HONEYMOON THAT TRIED TO COME BACK

ONCE there was an undivorced Couple that would get up every G. M. and put on the five-ounce Mitts and wait for the Sound of the Gong.

Each was working for the Championship of the Flat and proved to be a Glutton for Punishment.

Every time he landed a crushing Hay-Maker on her Family History she countered with a short-arm Jolt on his Personal Appearance.

Both would retire to the Corners breathing heavily, but still full of Combat.

He loved to start out the Day by finding in the Paper what a Professor connected

with the University of Chicago had said about the American Woman being a vain and shallow Parasite with a Cerebrum about the size of an English Walnut.

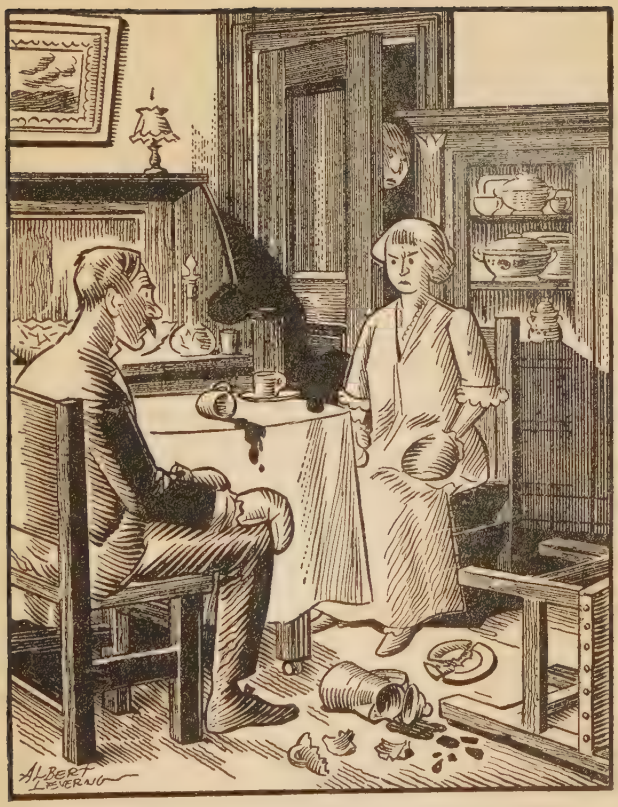
She would retaliate by reading aloud a Special in regard to a Husband going after Wife with Axe, while under the Influence of Liquor.

After which, for 15 or 20 minutes, the Dining Room would be just as peaceful and quiet as a Camorra Trial.

Sometimes he would get First Blood, but just as often she would fiddle around for an Opening and then Zowie! — right on the Conk and him Stalling to escape further Punishment.

When Nightfall came they would still be edging around the Ring, whanging away, for each was too Game to be a Quitter.

Their Married Life, which started out with American Beauty Roses in every Vase



"Each was working for the Championship of the Flat"

and a long Piece in the Paper, now settled down to a Thirty Years' War.

The only time the Dove of Peace really Lit was when they had Company.

Then they would Dear each other until the Premises became Sticky and she would even coax up a Ripple of Fake Laughter when he pulled some Wheeze that used to go Great the Year they were engaged. But the Moment the last Guest closed the Front Door, the Dove of Peace would beat it and another domestic Gettysburg would drive the Servants to Cover.

After this had been going on for several Seasons he happened to get hold of a Powerful Work, written by a Popular Novelist (Unmarried), who made a psychological Dissection of a Woman's Soul and then preached a Funeral Sermon over the Dead Love that once blossomed in the Heart of the Heroine.

After he read this Tragedy of flickered Romance, he felt like a Pup.

He perceived that he had been in the Wrong.

The Novelist taught him that his Cue was to bear with the Weaker Vessel and to keep the Honeysuckle of True Affection pruned and watered by Devotion and Sacrifice.

Therefore, he made one large Vow to cut out the Rough Stuff.

Next Morning when the Queen of the Amazons put on her Paint and Feathers and began to beat the big War Drum there was Nothing Doing.

He refused to enter the blood-stained Arena, and when she came after him he fell over and took the Count before a Punch had been delivered.

Before starting for the Office he Kissed her a couple of times and gave her some

Massage Treatment around the Shoulder Blades and called her "Toots" — a Term of Endearment which had been rusting on the Shelf ever since they used it at Niagara Falls.

She was so dazed by this Reversal of Form that she peeked from the Front Window and watched him clear to the Corner, convinced that he was on his way to meet Another Woman.

He came home that Evening with a Jar of Candied Nuts, and when Mrs. Simon Legree demanded the Name of the Hussy he simply pulled a Yearning Smile and invited her to go ahead and use him as a Punching-Bag.

Next day she put a Newspaper around the Bird Cage and tied up the Geranium and took the unfinished Tatting and Blew.

When she walked in on her Own People,

with the Declaration that all Bets were off, they wanted to know how about it, and she said a Spirited Woman couldn't keep on rooming with a Guinea-Pig.

MORAL: Contempt breeds Familiarity.

THE LOCAL PIERPONT

ONE Day a regularly appointed Bank Inspector went into a Stronghold of Finance situated in a One-Night Stand and found the President of the Institution crying all over the Blotter.

"Why these tears?" asked the Official. "Are the Farmers paying off their Mortgages?"

"Worse than that," replied the Elderly Man, whose Side Whiskers were a Tower of Strength in the Community. "We are entering upon an Era of Extravagance. The Tillers of the Soil are no longer Hewing Wood and Drawing Water. They are now hewing Holes in the Atmosphere and drawing Gasoline. Not many Years ago

Simple Agriculturist drove into Town in a South Bend Wagon with Red Roses painted on the Dash-Board and stopped at the Bank long enough to tie a Chattel Mortgage on his Cow, with Interest at 2 Per Cent. a Month, payable in Advance. Nowadays he comes zipping up in a This Year's Model of the Kokomobile with Torpedo Body, Fore-Doors and Red Cushions and draws out his Balance so that he can get Extra Tires and a Speedometer. Every Hired Hand has become a Chauffeur, and the Jay that used to wear Gosh-dingits and drive an $80 Pelter now wears Goggles and drives a Roadster with four Lamps hung out in front of it."

"Why are you annoyed by these Evidences of Prosperity?" asked the Official. "The humble Farmer has been the Goat for 2,000 Years. Now he is catching Even by burning up the Turnpike, while the City

People who feel sorry for him are sleeping on the Fire Escapes and saving up to see the Movies."

"You do not grasp the full Horror of the Situation," said the President of the Bank. "If all the Reubs withdraw their Deposits in order to buy these expensive $1,200 Cars, our Reserve will be so depleted and Normal Conditions so badly disturbed that possibly I will have to Cancel my Order for that $7,000 French Limousine which I picked out at the New York Show."

Whereupon he resumed his Weeping.

MORAL: It is Time to call a Halt.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

ONE Night a Complimentary Dinner was given to a Captain of Industry by some Friends looking for Orders.

The Chairman of the Arrangements Committee was a popular Wine-Pusher, consequently the volunteer Search Parties were out for Three Days after, gathering up the Dead.

Along about 10:30, when every Perfect Gentleman was neatly Stewed, a Man connected with the Jobbing Trade got up to say a Few Words.

He was keyed to Concert Pitch and the Audience was Piped and all the old sure-fire Bokum of a Sentimental Nature simply Killed them in their Seats.

When he Concluded, the hilarious Bun Brothers, with the mussed-up Hair and the twisted Shirt Bosoms, arose to their Feet and waved Napkins and gave the Orator what he described to his wife at 2 A. M. as A Novation.

Another Good Man was spoiled.

After Herman made this goshawful Hit with the Souses he became convinced that he was an After-Dinner Wit.

Gus Thomas and Simeon Ford had nothing on him.

Whenever he found himself seated at a Table with other People and Food being served, he began to suck Lozenges and classify his Anecdotes and try to appear Unconcerned.

All the time he was simply waiting for the Main Fluff to come up from behind the Chrysanthemums and say, "We have with us this evening."

He knew that he was a Dinger, because he remembered how the Magnificent Assemblage stood and cheered him for five minutes.

Therefore his Voice sounded to him a good deal like the Boston Symphony Orchestra playing Rubinstein's Melody in F.

Whenever People sat down in front of the decorative Canape Caviar and got ready to endure the Horrors of another Hotel Gorge, they would glance across the Snowy Expanse of White, dotted with plump California Olives and cold, unfeeling Celery, and seeing Herman seated opposite, would remark, "Stung!"

He could not have been kept in his Chair with a Ton of Coal in each Tail-Pocket.

And if The Ladies were present, that was when he worked in the Bird-Calls and ordered out the Twinkling Stars.

"Stung"

According to the Expectation Tables of the Insurance Actuaries, probably he will Stick Around for 32 years more and never find out that he is a Pest.

MORAL: Those who bemoan the Decline of Oratory should remember that Oratory never was known to Decline.

THE GALUMPTIOUS GIRL

ONCE there was a kittenish Señorita condemned to dwell in a Piccolo Town out on a Spur Division of the Dinkusville Short Line.

It was one of those not-dead-but-sleeping Settlements with a Sheet-Iron Cornice on every Store Building and the Hack in which Gen. Sherman once rode still meeting the Trains.

All the older Residents were sitting back on their Surplus trying to hatch out 7 per cent. Any one suggesting a Public Improvement was led into Court House Square and publicly Beheaded.

A Girl with real Jamaica Ginger coursing through her Arteries did not have a Look-

In so long as she was hung up at this Whistling Post, where every Meeting of the Research Club was a Poultry Exhibit and the local Astor played a Brown Derby in conjunction with the extreme Soup and Fish.

So the Señorita, by name Madeleine, used to burst into Tears every time she saw a Train pulling away from the Depot, for she certainly had laid the Soubrette's Curse on Home, Sweet Home.

She had read those large explosive articles in the Family Department of the Sunday Paper telling how the Smart Set hang by their Toes from Chandeliers and jump into Public Fountains, and she panted for the wild free Life of the Idle Rich.

Now it happened that Madeleine had a married Female Cousin living at the corner of Easy Street and Epicurean Avenue up in the Big Town where People hated the sight of a Brass Bedstead.

Cousin invited Madeleine to come and see her, out of mere Politeness, for she had the Country Lass sized up as a Myrtle Killjoy, whose Limit probably would be a Burton Holmes Lecture or a rollicking Afternoon at the Tea Shop.

Madeleine saw that she was down in Class B and would have to make an immediate Demonstration of Form to avoid being permanently Benched or sent back to the Bush League.

Consequently, as soon as she found herself in the Main Drawing Room among the Ruperts and Rosalinds, she began to break Furniture and do Head-Spins on the Bokharas. Thereupon she was elected a full Sister of the gladsome Bunch known as the Young Married Set.

She sent Home for all of her Things and more Coin and applied for an advanced

Degree in the Grand Lodge of the Knights and Ladies of Insomnia.

In one month she had entirely remodeled her Figure and landscaped her Hair into a new Design and carefully picked each broad Western "R" out of her Vocabulary, and she could walk right up to a French Bill of Fare without the quiver of an Eye-Lash. Also she could hand out that Dear Boy line of Polite Guff to all of those rugged and self-made Bucks who get back to Earth every Day at 5 P. M. and begin calling feebly for Barbers and Masseurs and Manicures and Nerve Specialists and Barkeeps.

She learned that Rough House lost all Social Stigma if pulled off at 2 A. M. in a Private Resort with a Striped Awning in front and a Carpet leading down to the Landing Stage.

Her Folks kept writing her to come back Home because the Ladies of the Guild were

about to have a Bazaar, but she Stalled as long as she could, and when she finally packed up the Wardrobe Trunks and the eight kinds of Massage Cream, she extracted a promise from Cousin and several other Desperate Characters that they would come out into the Wilderness and give the Rummies a Touch of High Life.

It was the first time that Madeleine had spread her Wings and hit the rarefied Strata. For a Beginner she was there with the Spread. She made the American Eagle look like an English Sparrow.

As soon as she arrived back in Sleepy Hollow she began to turn the Old Family Residence upside down and get it stocked up, just like a Club, for the Hot Babies from the Metropolis.

The Real Things arrived on a Special Car with their Hats down over their Ears and were more or less obscured by Dogs

and English Help and Cigarette Smoke. As they rode up Main street there was a Pale Face at every Window. Just as the Parade passed the High School, the tall Smoke-Stack over at the Hominy Mills fell with a Loud Crash.

That Afternoon there was a smell of Moth Balls in many a Refined Home, for all who had learned to take Soup from the side of the Spoon were under Royal Command to come up and get a private Peek at the imported Gentry.

It was to be a Dinner followed by a Small Dance. If it had been a full-sized Affair, no doubt Father would now be working by the Day.

Instead of the customary 3 Carnations and 1 Maiden-Hair Fern gracing the center of the Board, the terrified Guests saw a Wagon-Load of tropical Bloom which pleased them very much as soon as each

had secreted a new kind of Cocktail, served in a Goblet, with a Stick of Dynamite substituted for the Olive.

The Orchestra did a lot of those "Oh! Oh!" Rags, while strange Foods kept descending to the Table and a Special Corps of Waiters tried to give an Imitation of the Johnstown Flood.

Conversation became epidemic and many Local Characters who had remained in Obscurity for Years came out of their Pods and began to hop about and sing in the Sunlight.

Members of the Married Woman's Safety League were hanging out Signs of Distress and trying to give Warning Signals, but Madeleine would not permit them to crab her Little Party. She wanted to show the Boobs just how these Recherche Functions are stage-managed in Upper Circles.

Accordingly they all felt their Way to

the Front Room, where they Found awaiting them a Bowl of Artillery Punch about the size of Lake Erie, and no more Harm in a full Bumper than there is in a Rattle-Snake.

Madeleine headed off a Two-Step and told Friends and Neighbors to sit back close to the Wall with a Piece of Ice in each Hand and get Wise to the latest Stuff.

Then She and her Friends pinned up their Garments and put Resin on their Hands and cut loose. They did the Grizzly Bear and the Mountain Goat and the Turkey Trot and the Bunny Hug and the Kangaroo Flop and the Duck Waddle and the Giraffe Jump and the Rhinoceros Roll and the Walrus Wiggle and the Crocodile Splash and the Apache and the Comanche and the Bowery Twist and the Hula Hula Glide, etc., etc., etc.

The Fire Department began carrying

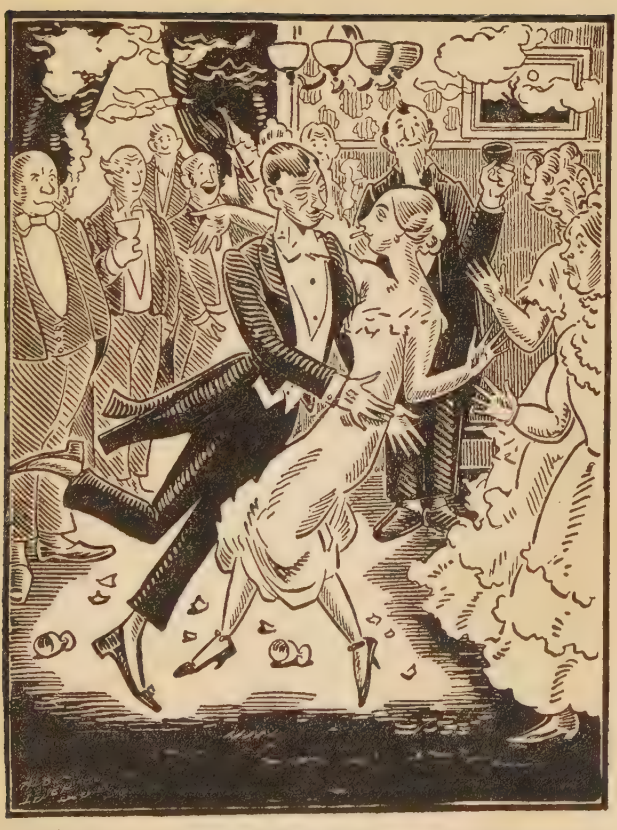
out Bodies at 12:30 A. M. Some of the Survivors were hurrying Home through the Alleys, wondering if they could fix up Alibis. At Daybreak many Prominent Citizens were found Miles from their Homes wandering aimlessly in Roadways and shouting, "Take it away!"

Next afternoon the Male Parent of Madeleine crawled out from under the Wreckage and said to his Only Daughter: "You are too Progressive for us Farmers. Take your Trained Troupe of Society Acrobats and get out of Town. The White Caps are now gathering in the Outskirts."

Madeleine simply retorted that the Dances were being done in the most Exclusive Homes.

An Exclusive Home is one from which the Police are Excluded.

Of course she never dared to return to



"Madeleine simply retorted that the Dances were being done in the most Exclusive Homes"

her Birthplace after this Scandalous Performance.

She had to remain in the Cruel City as the free and unrestricted Wife of a Cotillion Leader with an Income of $22.00 a Minute.

MORAL: The Pioneer must ever brave Hardships.

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND AND THE LINE BUCKER

IN a sequestered Dump lived two Urchins, Edgar and Rufus, who went to the Post with about an equal Handicap.

They got away together down the broad Avenue of Hope which leads one Lad over the hills and far away to the United States Senate Chamber and guides another unerringly to the Federal Pen near Leavenworth, Kansas.

When Edgar was a Tootsey he received a frequent dusting with Extreme Violet Talcum Powder.

About the same time Rufus was propped up to look at Pictures of Napoleon and John L. Sullivan and Sitting Bull.

At School each was a trifle Dumb.

If Edgar fell down on an Exam, his Relatives would call a Mass Meeting to express Regrets and hang Crape all over the Place.

If Rufus got balled up in his Answers, his immediate Kin would pat him on the Back and tell him he was right and the Text-Book was wrong.

Edgar would emerge from the Feathers every morning to find his Parents all lined up to wish him a new set of Police Regulations.

They held up the Rigid Forefinger and warned him that he was merely a Grain of Dust and a Weakling and a poor juvenile Mutt whose Mission in Life was to Lie Down and Behave.

Rufus would be aroused each Sunrise by a full Military Band of 60 Pieces playing "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph Advances."

Whenever Edgar was forced into a Battle and came home smeared and disarranged, his Mother would go to her Room and Cry softly and Father would paint a vivid Word-Picture of a Wretch standing on the Gallows with a Black Cap over his Head.

Then Edgar would crawl to the Hay-Mow and brood over his Moral Infirmities and try in a groping way to figure out his Relation to Things in General.

But, when Rufus appeared all dripping with Gore, his Seconds would cool him out and rub him with Witch Hazel and pin Medals on him.

No wonder he became as pugnacious as U. S. Grant, as conceited as a Successful Business Man and as self-assured as a Chautauqua Lecturer.

Every one disliked him intensely. But just the same, they stepped off into the Mud

and gave him the entire double width of Cement Sidewalk.

Edgar, on the other hand, was one of the most popular Door-Mats that ever had "Welcome" marked up and down his Spinal Column.

All those who scratched Matches on him and used him as a Combination Hall-Tree and Hitching Post used to remark that he didn't have an Enemy in the World.

They had corraled his Goat, so he had to play the Part himself.

It had been dinged into him that True Politeness means to wait until every one else has been Served and then murmur a few Thanks for the Leavings.

Besides, his Parents had convinced him that if he went Fishing he wouldn't get a Nibble, and if he climbed a Tree he would fall and break his Leg, and if he tried to

manipulate more than Two Dollars at one time, he would go Blink.

Therefore, when both were in College, Rufus acted as plunging Half-Back, with Blue Smoke coming from his Nostrils, and achieved the undying Distinction of being singled out by Walter Camp.

Edgar sat up on the Bleachers with 2,800 other Mere Students and lent a quavering Tenor to a Song about Alma Mater.

Even the Undergrads could not take the Tuck out of Rufus.

He was fresher than Green Paint and his Work was Raw, but he was so Resilient that no one could pin him to the Mat and keep him there.

When a Boy has been told 877 times a Day for many Years that he is the Principal Feature of the Landscape, it takes more than ordinary Doctoring to Cure him.

He left College thoroughly convinced that

the World was his Oyster and that he had an Opener in every Pocket.

He began grabbing Public Service Utilities by Strong-Arm methods, whereupon a lot of Uplifters became excited and wanted some one else to head him off.

He put things Across because when he tucked the Ball under his Arm and began to dig for the Goal of his Immediate Ambition all the Friends of Public Weal were scared Blue and retired behind the Ropes.

Edgar took his Degree out into the Cold World and began to make apologetic Inquiries regarding Humble Employment which would involve no Responsibilities.

He became an Office Lawyer of the dull gray Variety with a special Aptitude for drawing up Leases and examining Abstracts.

He could not face a Jury or fight a Case because the fond Parents had put the Sign on him and robbed him of all his Gimp.

But a Nice Fellow?

You know it.

Any one who had a Book to sell, or a Petition to be signed, or a Note that needed endorsing came dashing right into Edgar's Office and hailed him as the Champion Patsy.

Not one of these ever ventured into the Lair of the Street Railway Czar, for he knew that Rufus might jump over the Mahogany Table and bite him in the Arm.

Even Edgar, when he made a Business Call on Boyhood Friend and loving Classmate, was permitted to wait in the Outer Room, resting his Hat on his knees, and mingling on terms of Equality with the modish Typist and the scornful Secretary.

And when they went away to look at some Properties, Rufus took the Stateroom while Edgar drew an Upper.

Every one at the Club referred to Edgar

as a Good Old Scout, but when all the Push gathered at the Round Table and some one let fall the Name of the High-Binder, they would open up on Rufus and Pan him to a Whisper.

Then Rufus would enter in his Fur Coat, upsetting Furniture and Servants as he swept through the Lounging Room.

Immediately there would be an Epidemic of Goose Pimples and a Rush to shake hands with him.

Rufus was sinfully Rich, but nevertheless Detestable, because his Family had drilled into him the low-down Habit of getting the Jump on the Other Fellow.

Edgar may live in a Rented House, but he will always have the inward Satisfaction of knowing that he is a sweet and courteous Gentleman with Pink Underwear, and a Masonic Charm on his Watch Chain.

When Edgar answers the Call, the

Preacher will speak briefly from the Text, "Blessed are the Meek."

If the Death Angel succeeds in pulling down Rufus, the same Minister will find a suggestion for his Remarks in those inspiring Words, "I have fought the Good Fight."

MORAL: The Scrapper is seldom beloved, but he gets a Run for his Ticket.

THE THROUGH TRAIN

TWO High School Heliotropes named Lib and Angie were very Thick.

Each Girl kept a Nightie at the Other Girl's House and, long after they had retired, the Inmates would hear smothered Giggles, interspersed with Fragments of what He said to Her and what She said to Him.

The Period of their Adolescence was about 30 years ago, when Romance was still alive and Knighthood was in Flower around every Dancing Academy west of Pittsburgh.

The two Chums had made a Pact. They were to be Friends for ever and ever and ever and neither was to hold out anything from the other.

Each carried in a Locket a Four-Leaf Clover presented by One to whom she had bared her Soul.

After supplementing the Graded Schools with a full course of Mrs. Southworth and learning to play "The Battle of Prague" on the Melodeon, naught remained for them in the way of passionate Diversion except to go ahead and get Married.

They waited three years for the Fairy Prince of their Dreams to come clattering down Main Street in his Coach all White and Gold, and then began to mistrust the Schedule. So they effected the usual Compromise, falling gracefully into the awkward Embraces of two cornfed Lizards named Otis and Wilbur.

In the Shake-off it befell that Angie got Wilbur and Lib drew Otis. The two Brides were somewhat envied, as Wilbur was a Good-Looker with raven Pompadour and

large snappy Eyes, while Otis was supposed to possess the Faculty of copping the Mazume.

However, the purpose of this Fable is to indicate that each Gal found out too late that she had Dutched her Book and backed into the wrong Paddock.

Fate separated the Young Couples and many a Full Moon deflated itself before Lib and Angie had another chance to get away by themselves and fill up on Oolong and cautiously exhibit their Wounds.

Wilbur was a Hustler who lacked Terminal Facilities. He was full of St. Vitus Activity and was always transferring a lot of Papers from one Pocket to another and getting ready to interest Capital in some Megatherian Enterprise paying 20 per cent. per Annum, but somehow he never Arrived.

While negotiating for a Rubber Plan-

tation in Yucatan he would hear about Two Million Acres waiting to be Irrigated in Colorado, but before he could turn on the Water he would be lured away by the Prospect of developing some Monte Cristo Proposition up in the Mesaba Range.

In the meantime he wore Celluloid Collars and owed for every round Steak that he had carried home during the preceding Five Years.

Otis, on the Other Hand, played nothing but Cinches. He was out for the Pastry. It was not his Fault if the Widows and Orphans who invested on his Tips all wound up as Department Store Employees.

He double-crossed his Partners and whipsawed his Customers and bluffed the Courts and bulled his way into the Strongholds of Finance.

While the U. S. Grand Jury would be in Session, trying to get him with the Goods,

he would be motoring in Normandy and tossing Showers of Silver to the Peasantry.

Do not mistrust the Tale, for every Buccaneer from Broad Street, N. Y., to the St. Francis Bar at the Golden Gate, was once a Poor Boy with Store Clothes on his Back and Grand Larceny in his Heart.

When Angie went to visit Lib, after the Lapse of Many Years, you can Gamble that they had Some Talk to unload.

Angie carried a Wicker Suit-Case costing $1.98 and her General Get-Up was that of the Honest Creature who may be found in any Hotel Corridor at 2 A. M. massaging the Mosaic Floor with a Hot Cloth.

"Get me!" said Wilbur's wife, dropping wearily to a Divan in the Style of Louis Quatorze. "Pipe the Lid! It is a 1906 Model and the Aigrette is made of Broom Straw. Take a Peek at the shine Tailor-Made and the Paper Shoes. Ever since

they wished that False Alarm on to me I have been giving a correct Imitation of Lizzie the Honest Working Girl. Each Evening he comes home to give me a Sweet Kiss and promises me a Trip to Europe and a Set of Gray Squirrels, and next Morning, when I get up to remove the Oatmeal from the Fireless Cooker, I find on the Back Porch a large Rough-neck in a Sweater who has come to shut off the Gas or take away the Parlor Furniture. Then I think of You, with your Closets hanging full of fluffy Frocks and your Fingers crowded with Jewels and your Man rushing in every few Minutes to slap you in the Face with a Hundred Dollar Bill. You can take it from me, Dearie, I would jump the whole Game were it not for the Children. I have put in my whole Life trying to realize something on a Promissory Note that was a Bloomer to begin with. He has

kidded me along ever since the World's Fair at Chicago, feeding me on Canned Stuff and showing me pictures of Electric Runabouts and Country Places on Long Island. In the Meantime I am playing in Great Luck if I can get a Trolley Car to Stop for me."

At this point the Wife of Otis arose and, pulling the rose-colored Silk Wrapper more closely about her made-to-order Form, interrupted with an Imperious Gesture.

"Back up, Angie!" she exclaimed. "You should be a Happy Woman. You have your Husband's Love and you have your Children, both of which are denied a Woman of my Assured Position in the Two Minute Class of the Terrible Spenders. Talk about Hardships! Do you know what it is to lead the Grand March, surrounded by 800 Assegai-Throwers, Harpooners and Cannibal Queens, who are pointing you

out as the Wife of the Malefactor who is about to be Tried in the Federal Courts? Did you ever Stagger around all Evening with $100,000 worth of Tiffany Merchandise fastened on to you — expecting every Minute to be hit in the Coiffure by some Raffles? Did you ever, during a Formal Dinner, hear the Door Bell tinkle and find in the Hallway a Reporter from a Morning Paper who wishes to ask your Husband if he denies his Guilt or can give any Reason why Sentence of Death should not be passed upon him? Are you Wise to the Fact that the Wife of a Successful Business Man now occupies a Niche in the Hall of Fame right next to the Sister of Jesse James? You are in Great Luck. No one takes a Shot at a Failure."

Having arrived at this cordial Understanding, each leaned against the other and had a Good Cry, after which they

chirked up and paid a lot of Attention to a well-preserved Bachelor who dropped in to get warm and take a slight Fall out of the Side-Board.

MORAL: When Wealth walks in at the Door, the Press Agent comes in through the Window.

THE LONG AND LONESOME RIDE

ONE pleasant morning the President of the Society for Promoting the Importation of Scotch Merchandise awoke after a Balloon Voyage which began 6 Feet below Sea Level in a Rathskeller and finished 2,000 feet above the Altitude recorded by Lincoln Beachey, the Man-Bird.

When he Came To he discovered that the Pillow had climbed over on top of him and was trying to work the Half-Nelson, while a large Pile-Driver was beating a rhythmical Tattoo on the tender Bean.

He had a Temperature of 102 and his Ears were hanging down. Also, during the Period of Coma some one had ex-

"He had a Temperature of 102 and his Ears were hanging down"

tracted the Eyes and substituted two hot Door-Knobs.

After he had decanted a miniature Niagara on to the smoking Coppers and removed his Collar, he felt his way over to the Window and denounced in unmeasured Terms an English Sparrow that had perched on the Sill, merely to annoy him.

In a little while he remembered that he was a Resident of the Planet known as Earth. Soon after that his Name came back to him and then he recalled his Boyhood and the Fact that when he passed the Parsonage the Presbyterian Minister would ask him to pick some of the Lilacs and Snowballs and take them home to his Sister Alice.

From that Point he groped through his Life History up to the Twilight on which the Regulars had arranged a Send-Off for Old Buck, who was pulling out for Seattle.

In order that Buck should remember them as True Friends, they had covertly planned to get him Saturated to the Eye-Balls and then ship him on to his new Home, spread out in Stateroom B, with long-stemmed Roses laid across the Remains. This form of homicidal Gayety is perpetrated under the name of American Hospitality.

Our Hero remembered the polite Get-away on the Low Speed with everybody Respectable, after which the Fountains started to gush and Waiters began to come up out of the Ground bearing Fairy Gifts of a Liquid Variety. Somewhat later in the Evening he found himself balanced on one Toe on a swiftly-moving Cloud, announcing to the Stars of Night that he was a True Sport.

In other words, he realized, as he sat humped over in the Morris Chair, holding on to the Head, lest it should fall off and roll

across the floor, that he had been Snooted for Fair, Plastered, Ossified, Benzoated, Piped, Pickled, Spifflicated, Corned, Raddled, Obfuscated, Soused and Ory-Eyed.

Six hours before, he had stood on a Table and declared for the Brotherhood of Man, and now he craved but one Companion and that was old Colonel R. E. Morse.

Standing over in the Sunlight by the Window, where he could see the innocent Shop-Girls going blithely to their $6 a week, he lifted the trembling Right Mitt clear above his Head and then and there declared himself to be on the Cart until the great Celestial Bodies should skid in their Orbits and the Globe itself dissolve into Vapor.

Just as he pronounced the Words, "nev-ER A-gen," he felt a great Flood of worthy Resolutions arising in his new Moral Nature. He would buy a Winchester

Automatic and devote the remainder of his wasted Life to shooting up Barkeeps. And when he died, the whole Estate would go to the W. C. T. U.

Just after he had double-strapped himself to the Wagon and started up Seltzer Avenue, he realized that an immediate Absinthe Frappe would be worth $15,000 to him, but instead of ordering one, he resolved to write Doc Wiley a Letter advising him that while he was putting his Nixey Mark on that Green Magoo he should include all other Colors bestowed upon the Essence of Tribulation.

That afternoon the Survivors of the Midnight Massacre got together at a Club to compare Hang-Overs and find out what had happened after the Roof fell in.

Our Hero appeared just as the Boy was getting ready to throw a Life Line. He

was greeted with a ribald Shout and told to come running and Save Himself.

The Moment had arrived for him to be a Man. Surrounded by Ice and Squirters and Mixing Spoons and Orange Peel and Jiggers and Jaggers, he drew himself together and made the Announcement.

For a Moment they were stunned by the Impact and then every Son of Peoria leaned back and let out a Yowl. To think that a real up-to-date Fellow would pull any of that Old Stuff! A puny Mortal trying to get a Toe-Hold on the Demon!

They told him to forget it and quit his Spoofing and remove his Overshoes and ease a couple of Gills into his Reservoir and try to be a Human Being, however painful the Effort.

He came back with a few Gems from the Family Medicine Book about the Effect of the Accursed Stuff on various Organs.

He did not propose to feed himself anything that would cut the Varnish off of Wood-Work. The Hard Stuff had passed out of his Life.

The Cackles died away and were succeeded by looks of Blank Dismay. They saw that one whom they had long regarded as a reliable bench-working Union Lush had turned in his Card and deliberately made himself an Outcast.

They saw him order Vichy and go to it as if it were a Beverage, and then they tore up his Credentials and burned his Photograph and told him to go out to a 3-days Cure and take a Hypodermic of Hot Mush.

He sat back and pulled the Grim Smile which Savanarola wore when they piled the Fagots around him. He was a Martyr and proud of his Job. By the same Token there is no Brand of Rectitude that grades so pure and spotless as that exhibited by

the disinfected Dove who has not touched a Drop for nearly 24 hours.

They saw him go home with a Magazine under his Arm, and then they sat around until all Hours, lapping it up and progging his Finish. They said he never would last a Week, and when he Fell it would be Some Splash.

They began to issue daily Bulletins and watched the Case with much Anxiety because they really liked the Old Scout in spite of his Eccentricities. When they learned, at the End of a Week, that he had played Buttermilk to a Standstill all up and down the Quick Lunch Circuit and was at his Desk every Morning with his Face clean and a Flower in his Coat, they called a Meeting of the Vigilantes and decided that the Joke had been carried far enough.

In the meantime, Our Hero had learned

two new kinds of Solitaire and began to call around for a Dish of Tea with some distant Female Relatives who had long supposed him Dead. Along about the Cocktail Hour he would find himself sitting first in one Chair and then in another, but he Cashed big every Morning when he awoke and found that Henry Katzenjammer was not sitting on the Foot-Board making Faces at him.

Only, sometimes he would stop on a Corner and look all about him and up at the Buildings and wonder if the Town had always been as Quiet as at Present.

After he had stuck for a Fortnight, the desperate Envoys from the Indian Camp went after him for Keeps. They held it in front of him and splashed it on his Clothes and begged him to step aboard with them and go right up to the 18th Floor.

Probably if they had let him alone he would have come sneaking back into the Reservation to watch the red Whirligigs and pick a few of those Night-Blooming Martinis, but when they tried to Stampede him, the old New England Stock asserted itself; so he substituted Rivets for Straps

He is now the honored Associate of those who play Cribbage in their own Homes and eat Apples before turning in. But if you want to get a Line on his Real Character, just ask the Wet Brothers. They will tell you that he wasn't there with the Strength of Character, so he simply sank out of sight.

MORAL: The Way of the Ex-Transgressor is Hard.

OUT OF CLASS B INTO THE KING ROW

ONCE there was a side street Quartet consisting of Papa and Mamma and Gordon and Ethel.

The ostensible Stroke Oar of this Domestic Combination was a Graduate of one of those Towns in which the Occidental Hotel faces the Depot and all Trains are met by a Popular Drayman wearing a Black Sweater.

When he elbowed his Way into the City, years before, his Assets consisted of a Paper Valise, a few home-laundered Garments and a small Volume telling how to win at Cards.

In the refined Home where he obtained

"Then edge into the Parlor and turn the Music for Miss Livingstone"

his Liver and Macaroni paved with Cheese, he met the daughter of the Household. When there was a Rush she would sometimes put on all of her Rings and help wait on the Table, although her Star Specialty was to get the Stool at the right Elevation and tear the Vital Organs out of "Pansy Blossom" and "White Wings."

The young Shipping Clerk used to fly to his Kennel and get himself all Gussied up and then edge into the Parlor and turn the Music for Miss Livingstone, who looked to him like Lily Langtry and sounded like Adelina Patti.

They went to Housekeeping in a stingy Flat with a Bed that could be stood on End during the Daytime and made to resemble a Book-Case, also a Plaster-of-Paris Lion on the Mantel.

About the time Gordon was first tethered on the Fire-Escape, the Provider got

a Taste of Soft Collateral and began to wear Gold Bracelets on his Cigars.

When Ethel was large enough to take into the Park, the Graft had developed until the whole Outfit moved to an Apartment where Goods had to be delivered in the Rear. Mother began to use Hacks which were not numbered.

So they went along for Years, riding on L Trains, calling up the Janitor to ask for more Heat, trying to find a good Maid, and experimenting with new Cereals, all of these Romantic Adventures combining to make what is known as City Life.

They were simply four scrambling Units in the Great Ant-Hill; four tiny Tadpoles in the great Schools that wiggled up and down the main Thoroughfares. It seemed that their only Chance to make an Impression on the huge and callous City was to die and then hold up a line of Street Cars

while the Hearse and the five Carriages moved slowly in the direction of Calvary.

But Destiny had them spotted.

Father was very busy trying to run a Shoe String up to a National Bank. He would rush into his Office and open the Desk and push Buttons and send Hurry-Up Wires and dictate Letters to trembling Myrtle with the Small Waist and keep People waiting outside, just like the Whales who control the Sugar Trust.

He had a Front like the new Pennsylvania Station and the soft Personal Attributes of a Numidian Lion.

When he was sued in the Courts by a Victim who wanted a final look at his Money, the Reporters came around and he was so stiff-necked and defiant that all of them referred to him as the Millionaire Promoter.

It was easier to be this kind of a Mil-

lionaire than stand for a Search. Every Office Building is coagulated with Millionaires who never will be Caught until the Tin Box is opened in the Probate Court. Then the Widow will get ready to take Boarders.

As soon as Father was bawled out as a Millionaire, it was up to Mother to join a new kind of Club and have a Handle put on her Eye-Glasses. She would practise in her room for Hours at a time, gripping the Rocking Chair with both Hands and trying to get the real Bostonian sound of "A" as in Lard.

Her efforts were not in Vain, for one Day when the Club Meeting broke up, with the Lady President throwing Fits and a Copper guarding the Ballot Box, the principal Insurgent was mentioned in the Public Prints as a Popular Society Matron and Leader in the New Movement among

Women. They had to call her that or the Story of her shooting the Ink-Stand at the Recording Secretary would not have been worth playing up on the First Page.

It was a proud Morning for Gordon and Ethel when they saw all the Pictures and learned that they were the immediate Descendants of the Millionaire Promoter and the Popular Society Matron.

Gordon found himself endowed with a Social Status which enabled him, at the Age of 23, to gain admission to an exclusive Club of 3,000 Members, the object of which was to serve a 40-cent Table d'Hôte every Noon to as many as were willing to take a Chance.

Therefore, when he was yanked out of his 2-cylinder Car and stood up before the Magistrate, charged with smearing up the Boulevard with the Working Classes, the whole Reading Public was thrilled to hear

of what had happened to a Well-Known Clubman whose Father was a Millionaire Promoter and whose Mother was a Popular Society Matron.

By this time Ethel was merely a Relative.

She had not come across in any Particular.

As a matter of Fact, she was not pulling down any Ribbons at Beauty Shows, and toed in when she walked.

However, she was not discouraged. She eloped with a Chauffeur employed in an 8-car Garage and next Day she was a Beautiful Heiress whose Brother was a Well-Known Man about Town, the Mother being very prominent in Club Work and remembered as the Wife of the Millionaire Promoter.

After all this came out, Father still had between $3,000 and $4,000 and the whole Family, including the Chauffeur, sat down to Prunes every Morning.

But they were very Happy, for they were recognized in almost every Cafe and their Relatives in the East were sending Christmas Cards.

MORAL: Some achieve Greatness and others have it Rubbed in.

THE BOY WHO WAS TOLD

ONCE there was a Boy who had been told twice a Day ever since he could remember that if he started to go into one of those Doggeries with swinging Doors in front and Mirrors along the Side, a Blue Flame would shoot out and burn him to a Cinder.

Also he had been warned that every Playing Card in the whole Deck was a Complimentary Ticket admitting one to a Hot Griddle in the Main Parquette of the Fiery Furnace.

And every little Paper Cigar was another Spike in the Burial Casket.

With seven or eight Guardians trailing him Day and Night to keep him away from

the Lures of the Wicked World it looked like a Pipe that he would grow up to be the Dean of a Theological Seminary.

Across the Street lived a poor unfortunate Lad whose Father was making the Futile Endeavor to take it away faster than the Revenue Officers could put Stamps on it. He was the original Blotter. When they were trying to pry him away from it, he would take a chance on anything from Arnica to Extract of Vanilla.

According to all the Laws of Heredity the only Son was cast for the Part of Joe Morgan.

He is now the Head of a Mail-Order House. When he sees a Corkscrew he pulls his Hat firmly over his Ears and runs a Mile.

The Graduate of the Lecture Bureau may be found in a swagger Club any evening with a Bourbon H. B. at his Right, a

stack of Student Lamps at his Left and Two Small Pair pressed closely against his Bosom.

MORAL: The Modern Ambition seems to be to vary the Program.

THE NIGHT GIVEN OVER TO REVELRY

ALL those who had Done Time at a certain endowed Institution for shaping and polishing Highbrows had to close in once a Year for a Banquet. They called it a Banquet because it would have been a Joke to call it a Dinner.

The Invitations looked like real Type-Writing and called upon all Loyal Sons of Old Bohunkus to dig up 3 Sesterces and get ready for a Big Night.

To insure a Riot of spontaneous Gaiety the following Organization was effected:

Committee on Invitation.

Committee on Reception.

Committee on Lights and Music.

Committee on Speakers.

Committee on Decorations.

Committee on Police Protection.

Committee on First Aid to Injured.

Committee on Maynew.

Committee on Liquid Nourishment.

Each Committee held numerous Meetings, at the Call of the Chairman, and discussed the impending Festivities with that solemn regard for piffling Detail which marked the Peace Conference at The Hague.

The Frolic was to be perpetrated at a Hotel famous for the number of Electric Lights.

The Hour was to be 6:30, Sharp, so that by 6:45, four old Grads, with variegated Belshazzars, were massed together in the Egyptian Room trying to fix the Date on which Doctor Milo Lobsquosset became Emeritus Professor of Saracenic Phlobotomy.

"Four old Grads . . . were massed together in the Egyptian Room"

Along about 7:30, a Sub-Committe wearing Satin Badges was sent downstairs to round up some recent Alumni who were trying to get a Running Start, and at 7:45 a second Detachment was sent out to find the Rescue Party.

Finally at 8 o'clock the glad Throng moved into the Main Banquet Hall, which was a snug Apartment about the size of the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, done in Gold and various shades of Pink, to approximate the Chambermaid's Dream of Paradise. The style of Ornamentation was that which precipitated the French Revolution.

Beside each Plate was a blond Decoction named in honor of the Martini Rifle, which is guaranteed to kill at a Distance of 2,000 Yards. The compounding had been done in a Churn early that morning and the Temperature was that of the Room, in compliance with the Dictates of Fashion.

Those who partook of the Hemlock were given Courage to battle with the Oysters. These came in Sextettes, wearing a slight Ptomaine Pallor. On the 20th Proximo they had said good-bye to their Friends in Baltimore and for Hours they had been lying naked and choked with thirst in their little Canoes and now they were to enter the great Unknown, without pity from the Votaries of Pleasure.

Luckily the Consomme was not hot enough to scald the Thumbs of the jovial Stevedores who had been brought in as Extras, so the Feast proceeded merrily, many of the Participants devoting their spare Moments to bobbing for Olives or pulling the Twine out of the Celery.

The Fish had a French Name, having been in the Cold Storage Bastile for so long. Each Portion wore a heavy Suit of Armor, was surrounded by Library Paste and

served as a Tee for two Golf Balls billed as Pommes de Terre.

It was a regular Ban-quet, so, there was no getting away from Filet de Biff aux Champignons. It was brought on merely to show what an American Cook with a Lumber-Camp Training could do to a plain slice of Steer after reading a Book written by a Chef.

Next, in accordance with honored Tradition, a half-melted Snowball impregnated with Eau de Quinine.

Just about the time that the White Vinegar gave way to the Aniline Dye, a nut headed Swozzie, who could get into Matteawan without Credentials, moved down the Line of Distinguished Guests asking for Autographs. His Example was followed by 150 other Shropshires, so that for the next 30 Minutes the Festal Chamber resembled the Auditing

Department of a large Mercantile Establishment.

During this Period, the Department of Geology in the University was honored by the appearance of a genuine petrified Quail. And the Head Lettuce carried the Personal Guarantee of the Goodyear Rubber Co.

Between the Rainbow Ice Cream and the Calcareous Fromage, a member of the class of '08, who could not Sing, arose and did so.

Then each Guest had to take a Tablespoonful of Café Noir and two Cigars selected by a former Student who had promised his Mother never to use Tobacco.

It was now after 10 o'clock and time to go Home. Those who had started to tune up along in the Afternoon were dying on the Vine. Others, who had tried to catch even on the $3 Ticket, felt as if they had been loaded with Pig Iron. Up at the Long Table enough Speakers to supply a

Chautauqua Circuit were feeling of themselves to make sure that the Manuscript had not been lost. Each thought that he was the Orator of the Evening.

The Committee had put on the Toast Program every one who might possibly take Offense at not being Asked.

Also they had selected as Toastmaster a beaming Broncho whose Vocal Chords were made of seasoned Moose-Hide and who remembered all the black-face Gravy that Billy Rice used to lam across to Lew Benedict when Niblo's Garden was first opened.

After every 30-minute Address he would spend ten minutes in polite kidding of the Last Speaker and then another 10 Minutes in climbing a Mountain Height from which to present the Next Speaker.

Along about Midnight the Cowards and Quitters began crawling out of Side Doors, but most of the Loyal Sons of Old Bohun-

kus propped themselves up and tried to be Game.

Before 1 o'clock a Member of the Faculty put them on the Ropes with 40 Minutes on projected Changes in the Curriculum.

At 1:30 the Toastmaster was making Speech No. 8 and getting ready to spring the Oldest Living Graduate.

Protected by all the Gray Hair that was left to him, he began to Reminisce, going back to the Days when it was considered a Great Lark to put a Cow in the Chapel.

The Toastmaster arrived home at 3 A. M. and aroused his Wife to tell her it had been a Great Success.

MORAL: If they were paid $3 a Head to stand for it, no one would attend.

HE SHOULD HAVE OVERSLEPT

ONE Morning a Precinct Parasite owing Allegiance to a Political Party of Progressive Principles went around to the dingy office of a Fuel Supply Co. to pull off the customary Fake Primary.

He was met at the Door by a broad-faced Lady of benevolent Mien and black Ribbons on her Nose-Glasses, who told him to use the Mat and not track up the Place.

"What is the Idea?" asked the alcoholic Henchman, looking vainly about for Bottle-Nose Curley, Mike the Pike, and Smitty the Dip, who always had been his Associates in the sacred Task of registering the Will of the People.

Instead of the old familiar strong-arm Phalanx, he saw a Bevy of plump Joans who were hanging Chintz Curtains, arranging a neat design of Sweet Peas around the Ballot Box and getting ready to fire up a Samovar. When he glanced into the Polling Booth and saw that it was draped with Doilies he nearly had a Hemorrhage.

"This is the Glad Day you have heard so much about," replied Laura Chivington Cadbury, displaying her dainty Badge, which showed that she was a Judge. "You will be expected to wear Gray Gloves with a Morning Coat and put a Carnation in your Lapel. As the Voters arrive, you will softly inquire their Names and lead them along the Receiving Line and make sure that each is given either a Macaroon or an Olive."

That evening when they sorted the Votes, and decided to throw out all that were

Soiled or folded Improperly, he was over in a corner making out a list of Guests for the waiting Reporters.

MORAL: Equal Suffrage will have a demoralizing Effect upon one of the principal Sexes.

THE DANCING MAN

ONCE there was a Porch Rat, who was also a Parlor Snake and a Hammock Hellion. He worked the popular Free Lunch Routes for thirty years before deciding to hook up and begin paying for his own Food and Drink.

When he started flitting from Bud to Debutante to Ingénue to Fawn to Broiler to Kiddykadee back in 1880, he was a famous Beau with skin-tight Trousers, a white Puff Tie run through a Gold Ring and a Hat lined with Puff Satin, the same as a Child's Coffin.

In 1890 he was parting his Hair in the Middle, in imitation of a good Bird Dog, and had been promoted to the Veteran

"He broke the Glad News to her"

Corps of the iron-legged Dancing Men and the insatiable Diners-Out. He would eat on his Friends about six Nights in each Week, and repay them every Christmas by sending a Card showing a Frozen Stream in the Foreground, and Evergreen Trees beyond.

In 1900 he was beginning to sit out some of the Numbers. Also, when he got into his Evening Togs, his general Contour suggested that possibly he had just swallowed a full-sized Watermelon without slicing it up. But he was still Johnny-answer-the-bell when it came to Dinner Parties.

In 1910 he carried a little Balloon under each Eye and walked as if he had Gravel in his Shoes. He was still trying to be Game, although he had a different kind of Digestive Tablet in each Pocket and would rather tackle Bridge than the Barn Dance.

The Path was becoming Lonely and the whispering Trees seemed tall and forbidding. He decided to whistle for a Companion. The Dear Girls had been dogging him for three Decades and he decided to let one of them have her Wish at last.

He hunted up one aged 24 and broke the Glad News to her and she told him not to rattle his Crutches over the Mosaic Floor as he went out the Front Way.

He is now living at a Club organized as a Home for Men who have Gone Wrong.

When he pushes the Button the Bell Hops match to see who will be Stuck.

MORAL: There is an Age Limit, even for Men.

THE COLLISION

ONCE in the dim dead Days beyond Recall, there lived a blue-eyed Gazook named Steve.

We refer to the Period preceding the Uplift, when the Candidate wearing the largest collar was the People's Choice for Alderman.

A Good Citizen wishing to open a Murder Parlor needed a couple of Black Bottles, a Barrel of Sawdust and a Pull at the City Hall.

When he opened up, he threw the Key in the River and arranged to have the Bodies taken out through the Alley so as not to impede Traffic in the Main Thoroughfares.

Twelve months every Year marked the

Open Season for every Game from Pitch-and-Toss to Manslaughter.

Any one in search of Diversion could roll Kelly Pool at 10 Cents a Cue in the Morning, go to the Track in the Afternoon, take in a 20-round Scrap in the Evening and then Shoot at the Wheel a few times before backing into the Flax.

The Police were instructed to make sure that all Push-Cart Peddlers were properly Licensed.

Steve roamed the Wide-Open Town and spread his Bets both ways from the Jack.

When he cut the String and began to back his Judgment he knew no Limit except the Milky Way. Any time he rolled them, you could hear considerable Rumble.

All the Bookies, Barkeeps, Bruisers, and the Boys sitting on the Moonlight Rattlers knew him by his First Name and had him

tagged as a Producer and a Helva Nice Fellow.

Steve heard vague Rumors that certain Stiffs who hurried home before Midnight and wore White Mufflers, were trying to put the Town on the Fritz and Can all the Live Ones, but he did not dream that a Mug who went around in Goloshes and drank Root Beer could put anything across with the Main Swivel over at the Hall.

O, the Rude Awakening!

One day he was in a Pool Room working on the Form Sheet with about 150 other Students and getting ready to back Sazerack off the Boards in the Third at Guttenberg, when some Blue Wagons backed up and Steve told the Desk Sergeant, a few Minutes later, that his Name was Andrew Jackson.

Next Day he had a Wire from a Trainer but when he went to the old familiar Joint,

the Plain Clothes Men gave him the Sign to Beat it and he turned away, throbbing with Indignation.

The down-town Books were being raided but the Angoras kept on galloping at the Track, so he rode out on the Train every day in order to preserve his Rights as a free-born American.

One Day just as he was Peeling from his Roll in front of the Kentucky Club in order to grab Gertie Glue at 8 to 5, Lightning struck the Paddock and laid out the entire Works.

When the Touts and the Sheet-Writers and the Sure Thingers came to and began to ask Questions, it was discovered that the Yap Legislature had killed the Racing Game and ordered all the Regulars to go to Work.

Steve went back to Town in a dazed Condition to hunt up the Gang and find

out what could be done to put out the Fire

When he arrived at the Hang-Out there was a Flag at Half-Mast. The Roost had been nailed up for keeping open after Eleven o'Clock!

A few Evenings after that he sauntered up to a large Frame Building to look at a couple of Boys who had promised to make 135 Ringside.

A Cannon was planted at the Main Chute and the Street was filled with Department Store Employees disguised as Soldiers.

Nothing doing.

The Governor had called out the Militia in order to prevent a Blot being put upon the Fair Name of the Commonwealth.

With the Selling-Platers turned out to Pasture, the Brace-Box, and the Pinch Wheel lying in the Basement at Central

Station, the Pugs going back to the Foundry and all the Street Lamps being taken in at Midnight, no wonder Steve was hard pushed to find Innocent Amusement.

He started to hang around a Broker's Office but it was no Fun to bet on a Turn-Up when you couldn't watch the Shuffle. Besides, the Game was Cold and was being fiercely denounced by the Press.

For a Time he kept warm in a Bowling Alley. Drive a Man into a Corner and goad him to Desperation and he will go so far as to Bowl, provided he lives in a German Neighborhood.

One Evening he went down to see the Walhallas go against the Schwabens, but the Place was Dark.

The Authorities had interfered.

It seemed that the Manufacture of Bowling Balls involved the Destruction of the Hardwood Forests, while the Game itself

overtaxed certain Important Muscles ending with "alis," at the same time encouraging Profanity and the use of 5-cent Cigars.

Steve had one Stand-By left to him. He could prop himself up on the Bleachers with a bag of lubricated Pop-Corn between his Knees and hurl insulting Remarks at Honus Wagner, Joe Tinker and Ty Cobb.

When he crawled up in the 50-cent Seats he found the same old Bunch that used to answer Roll Call at the Pool Room, the Sharkey Club, and the Betting Ring.

The Law had made them Decent Citizens, but it hadn't made them any easier to look at.

Steve longed for the Ponies and the good old Prelims between the Trial Horses, with Blood dripping from the Ropes, but when he picked up the Pink Sporting Page in the Morning, all he could find was that the Sacred Heart Academy had wrested the

Basket-Ball Trophy away from the West Division High School.

Base Ball is only Near-Sport to one who has whanged the Wise Ikes that mark up the Odds. Steve went to it because there was nothing else on the Cards.

One Day he found every entrance to the Park guarded by a Blue Burly and the Crowds being turned away.

The Health Department had put in a Knock on the Game, on the Ground that the Ball, after being handled by various Players and passed from one to the other, carried with it dangerous Microbes.

The Officials insisted that, after every Play, the Ball should be treated with an Antiseptic or else that each Player should have an Individual Ball and allow no one else to touch it.

The Society for the Protection of the Young had put up a Howl because the

Game diverted the Attention of Urchins from their Work in the Public Schools and tended to encourage Mendacity among Office Boys.

The Concatenated Order of High-Brows had represented to the proper Authorities that, as a result of widespread Interest in the demoralizing Pastime, ordinary Conversation on the tail-end of a Trolley Car was becoming unintelligible to University Graduates, and the Reports in the Daily Press had passed beyond the Ken of a mere Student of the English Language.

The Medical Society certified that eight out of ten Men had shattered their Nervous Systems, split their Vocal Cords and developed Moral Astigmatism, all because of the Paroxysms resulting from Partisan Fervor. Either build an Asylum in every Block or else liberate the present Inmates of all the Nut-Colleges. It was not fair

to keep the Quiet Ones locked up while the raving Bugs were admitted to the Grand Stand every Afternoon.

Under the Circumstances, a purely Paternal Administration could do only One Thing. It put Base Ball out of Business.

On the very next Afternoon the unquenchable demand for Sport asserted itself.

Steve went into the Back Yard with his eldest Son and looked about cautiously.

"Is the Look-Out stationed on the Fence?" he asked.

"He is."

"Is the Garden Gate securely locked?"

"It is."

"Are the Mallets properly muffled?"

"They are."

"Then t'hell with the Law! We'll have a Game of Croquet."

MORAL: If it is in the Blood, the only Remedy is the substitution of Iced Tea.

HOW ALBERT SAT IN

ONCE upon a Time there was a Bright Young Lawyer of ordinary Good Looks and Modest Bank Account who regarded the so-called Smart Set with scorching Contempt.

Our Hero, whose name was Albert, refused to fall for the Parlor Game.

Now there resided in this Town a certain High Priestess of the Socially Elect and a Queen Bee of the Cotillion Tribe. Whatever she said, Went. No one could lay claim to any Class in this Town until he had seated himself at one of her Dinners, with the $28,000 Gold Service in front of him, and dissected a French Artichoke right down to the Foundation.

One Evening while Albert was burning up the Local Aristocracy he made the Crack that, if he wanted to go in for such Tommy-rot, he could be Dining with the aforesaid Dowager Duchess within a Year. His Friends hooted at the Suggestion and the Outcome of the Controversy was a Wager. Albert was to storm the Citadel and land inside before the Expiration of Twelve Months or else blow the whole Gang to a high-priced Feed.

Next Sunday he began to take Part in the High Church Ceremonies and wait on the Steps to make a Fuss over the Women whose Names appeared on the List of Patronesses.

He ignored the Buds and Debutantes and worked overtime to Solidify himself with the Matrons.

Whenever there was anything Doing that required the Services of a Hand-

Shaker or Errand Boy he was right there with the Dark Cutaway and a fresh Gardenia.

In a Month he had a Foothold and was serving on Committees with Colonial Dames and Relatives of the American Revolution.

He was Dependable. Any time an Extra Man was needed he came bursting in with Kind Words for all the Elderly People. He made Party Calls and left his Card and told the Secrets of his Heart to Women who were old enough to Understand.

Consequently he had eighteen or twenty Boosters working for him.

At the end of Six Months he was a Regular at some of the Best Homes and was beginning to send Regrets to those below Class A.

Looking down from his Serene Elevation he realized that he had made a Mistake in camping so long in the Valley.

When the Year was up he was acting as Volunteer Secretary and Whispering Soothsayer to the Queen Bee and had won his Bet by a Mile.

His Former Associates stood ready to make Good on the Feed, but, when they asked him to name an Evening, he looked them over and could not find them entered in the Blue Book, so he turned them down cold and pulled the Old One about a Previous Engagement.

MORAL: One never can tell from the Sidewalk just what the View is to some one on the Inside, looking out.

THE TREASURE IN THE STRONG BOX

ONCE there was a Hireling at the tail-end of a Pay Roll who longed to get a Chunk of Money so that he could own a House and pick out his own Wall-Paper.

He read an Ad in a Religious Weekly. It said to Hurry and get a Slice of the Bullkon Mining Company because on July 1st the Price would be whooped from $1 a Share to $2.75. The Guggenheims wanted it but the Directors preferred to slip it to the American People.

The Property was right up against some other Property so rich that the Workmen engaged in lifting out the Precious Metal had to wear Goggles to keep from being blinded.

The Man fell for it. He rushed to the Savings Bank and drew his Wad and sent it to a Man with several Chins, who had to sit at a Desk for nearly an hour each Day taking Money out of Envelopes.

The Stockholder received a Certificate. It had at the Top an Engraving of a Lady spilling Golden Nuggets out of a Cornucopia and below was a Seal and the Signatures of all the Officers of the Company. Any one standing off ten Feet from this Certificate couldn't have told it from a 1915 Bond of the Pennsylvania Company.

Every Week the Stockholder found in his Mail a Report from the Expert in charge of Shaft No. 13 in the Skiddykadoo Fields showing that the Assay ran $42.16. and the Main Lateral had been opened as far as the Mezzanine Drift, which meant that the $1 Shares would be selling around $85 before the Holidays.

Whereupon he would pinch out some of the Money about to be frittered away on Dress Goods and Cereals and send it to J. Etherington Cuticle, Promoter, who was thus enabled to have a new Collar put on his Fur Coat.

In course of Time the incipient Monte Cristo had a Bale of Certificates. He could borrow a Pencil and figure out, in a few Minutes, that when the Stock went to Par (as per Prospectus) he would land a few feet behind Hetty Green and somewhat in advance of the First National Bank.

While he was waiting for Dame Fortune, with the Sheet wrapped around her, to begin rolling it out of the Cornucopia, as advertised on the One-Sheets, he inadvertently up and died.

The Administrator and the Brother-in-Law went over the stuff at the Safety Deposit. They checked all the Items from

the outlawed Note down to the Delinquent Tax Notice and then advised the Widow to pick out a nice lucrative Position in a Hand Laundry.

Two Years passed by. The Family was now living in Comfort. Down in a Bureau Drawer, with the Dance Programs and the High School Diplomas, reposed the Stock Certificates of the Bullkon Gold and Silver Mining and Development Company, Inc.

The Widow had been tempted to use them on the Shelves, but every time she looked at the Litho of the Benevolent Female dumping the $20 Gold Pieces out of the Cornucopia, and saw the Seal, and alongside of it the majestic Signature of J. Etherington Cuticle, and noted that the total Face Value was $80,000, she would replace the Elastic and decide to Wait.

One day a soft-spoken Gentleman met her as she returned from her Daily Toil

and said that a Syndicate was about to take over all the Holdings of the Bullkon G. and S. M. and D. Co., Inc., and stood ready to purchase her Stock.

With trembling Hands she undid the Bundle. It took a long time to make the Count but when he got it all straightened out and figured up, he looked her straight in the Eye and said: "It comes to One Dollar and Eighty-Two Cents."

MORAL: Fiction is stranger than Truth.

THE OLD-FASHIONED PROSECUTOR

ONE morning a great Judge, who had been promoted to the Bench because he could not connect as a Lawyer, climbed up on his Perch and directed the Lord High Sheriff to feed him a few Defendants.

"We have rounded up a tough bunch of Ginks," said the Attorney for the Commonwealth. "I shall ask your Honor to Soak them good and proper."

The first to be led in was a grinning Imp with a wide Mouth, large Freckles and flapping Ears.

It was proven that he stuck Pins into his Grandmother and blew up Elderly Gentlemen with Cannon Crackers and set fire

"I am not a Criminal; I am an Institution"

to Houses and was a hard Nut in general. The Prosecutor suggested a Dungeon with Bread and Water.

Up spoke the Prisoner as follows: I defy you to lay a Hand on me. I am the Stand-By of the Comic Artist and the Star Attraction of the Colored Supplement. When I pull the Step-Ladder from under some Honest Workingman, causing him to break his Leg, or hit a Stout Lady in the Eye with a Brick, please remember that I am bringing Sunshine into thousands of Homes. As I go on my way, committing Arson, Mayhem, and Assault, with Intent to Kill, I am greeted by Peals of Childish Laughter. When you put me out of Business, you will be handing the Circulation an awful Wallop. I am not a Criminal; I am an Institution."

"I remember you very well," said the Judge. "You are my Excuse for buying the

Paper. While the Kids are busy with you, I look up Packey McFarland and One-Round Hogan."

Just as the Celebrated Juvenile hit the Fresh Air the second Defendant came into The Dock, taking long sneaky Strides and undulating like a Roller Coaster. She was a tall Gal and very Pale, with Belladonna Optics and her Hair shook out and a fine rhythmical Bellows Movement above the Belt Line.

"She is a raving Beetle," explained the Prosecutor. "She wants to go out doors every Night and count the Moon and pull some of that shine Magazine Poetry. Every time she sees anybody named Eric or Geoffrey she does a Swoon, accompanied by the customary Low Cry, and later on, in her own Boudoir, which is Richly Furnished, she bursts into a Torrent of Weeping. If you start her on a Conversation about

Griddle Cakes she will wind up by giving a Diagnosis of Soul-Hunger. She is a Candidate for Padded Cell No. 1 in the big Foolish House. If she continues at Large she may accidentally marry some poor misguided Clarence, and then, if there are any Children, the Neighbors will have to take care of them."

"Do you not recognize me?" asked the Prisoner in low musical Tones, fixing a passionate Gaze on the Court. "I am the Heroine of a Best Seller. If I did not have these large Porcelain Orbs and the Bosom heaving in Rag Time and the Hair swirling in Glorious Profusion, do you suppose that a Member of the Upsilon Pajama Sorority would sit up until 1 A. M. with Me and a Bottle of Queen Olives and a Box of Chocs? If I made up like an ordinary Sadie and talked Straight Stuff, do you think I could last through Ten Editions? I may not be

Human, but I can raise the Temperature of every Flathead from Bangor to San Antone."

"You are dead right," said the Court. "We couldn't keep house without you."

So she proceeded to Exit, sneeringly, her Garments rustling and a faint Aroma of Violets lingering in her Wake, just as it does in the Red Book that sells for $1.50.

The next Prisoner was a big handsome Buck with his Clothes recently pressed and many Gloves.

"I want a Life Sentence for this Guy," said the learned Prosecutor. "He is so crooked that a Straight Edge would cut him in a thousand places. He would bite an Ear-Ring off of a Debutante or blow open a Family Vault to unscrew the Handles from the Casket containing Father. He promotes phoney Corporations and sells Florida Orange Groves that have Crocodiles

swimming around on top of them. He is a prize Bunk, a two-handed Grafter, a Short-Change Artist and a Broadway Wolf. Slip him the Limit."

"You've got me wrong, Steve," said the Prisoner, softly. "I used to be a Depraved Character, but now I am the Big Hero. Under the revised Code of Morals a Handy Boy who goes out and trims a Boob for everything in his Kick becomes recognized as a Comedy Hit and every Seat on the Lower Floor goes for two Bones. Instead of doing a Lock-Step to and from the Broom Factory, I work up to a Dress Suit Finish and marry the Swell Dame. And the Mob is with me. If it came to a Straw Vote between me and Lyman Abbott, I would win by a City Block."

"The Gentleman speaks the Truth," said the Court. "In this Fair Land we forgive a Man anything if his Work has

Class. Instead of committing you to the Pen, I shall arrange to spend the Evening with you."

The next was a tall snaky Female with black Beads all over her Person and she was smoking a Cigarette, half closing her Eyes as she blew Rings toward the Ceiling.

"Judge, she is some Brazen Hussy, believe me," said the Prosecutor. "After turning Flip-Flops around the Ten Commandments for fifteen years she married a Good Man and put him on the Fritz. Her regular Job is to loll on a Divan and turn the Coaxing Eye on some poor Geezer who is wandering from Drawing Room to Drawing Room, trying to have his Life wrecked. Please send her up. She is a Menace to Respectable Society."

The Prisoner looked at him in haughty Disdain.

"I am not a Low Woman," she said,

proudly. "I am a Matinee Favorite. The Best People in our City hang their Chins over the Seats in front and cry softly whenever I get into Trouble. Don't lock me up or they will be lonesome."

"Go, woman, and keep on Sinning," said the Court, in a kind Voice.

Then, turning to the Defender of the General Good, he said. "You are two years behind the Procession. Hereafter arrest only Business Men who have been Successful."

MORAL: Criminality is merely a Side-Issue.

THE UNRUFFLED WIFE AND THE GALLUS HUSBAND

ONE day a Married Woman who was entitled to a long row of Service Stripes on her Sleeve, sat in the Motor, and watched the remainder of the Sketch try out his new trick Monoplane.

He scooted away with the Buzzer working overtime and soon was cloud-hopping about a Mile overhead.

When he began doing the Eagle Swoops and the Corkscrew Dips, which so often serve as a Prelude to a good First Page Story with a picture of the Remains being sorted out from the Débris, most of the Spectators gasped and felt their Toes curling inside of their Shoes, but Wifey never

batted an Eye. With only one little Strand of Wire or perchance a Steering Knuckle standing between her and a lot of Insurance Money, she retained both her Aplomb and the Lorgnette.

"How can you bear to watch it?" asked a Lady Friend, who was heaving perceptibly.

"Listen," replied the Good Woman. "For many Snows I have been sitting on the Side Lines watching the Dear Boy take Desperate Chances. To begin with, he married into Our Family. Once, at Asbury Park, he acted as Judge at a Baby Show. Later he put a lot of Money into a Bank, the President of which wore Throat Whiskers and was opposed to Sunday Base Ball. He has played Golf on Public Links, hunted Deer during the Open Season in the Adirondacks and essayed the Role of Claude Melnotte in Amateur Theatricals. Once

he attended a Clam Bake and took everything that was Passed. At another time he made a Speech when the Alumni celebrated a Foot Ball Victory. Frequently he goes Shopping with me. Last year he acted as Angel for a Musical Comedy. The Driver of our Car is a Frenchman. And don't overlook the Fact that for Six Years he has been a Stock Broker. He may fall at any Moment, but if he does he will pick out a Haystack on the way down."

MORAL: The Wright Brothers were not the first to be Up in the Air.

BOOKS MADE TO BALANCE

ONCE there was a Husky employed to crack the Whip around a smoky Works that did not offer an attractive Vista from the Car Window, although it blossomed with a fragrant crop of Dividends every time the Directors got together in the Back Room.

Most of the American Workingmen employed in this Hive of Industry came from remote parts of Europe. Each wore his Head entirely in front of his Ears and had taken an Oath to support the Constitution.

It was the duty of the Husky to keep these imported Rabbits on the Jump and increase the Output.

He made himself so strong that he was declared In every time a Melon was sliced,

and when it came time to Scramble the Eggs and pull off the grand Whack-Up, he was standing at the head of the Line with a Basket on his Arm.

So it came about that one who started in a Thatched Cottage and grew up on cold Spuds and never saw a Manicure Set until he was 38 years of age, went home one day to find Gold Fish swimming about in every Room and Servants blocking the Hallways.

He had some trouble finding Rings that would go over his Knuckles and the Silk Kind felt itchy for quite a while, but finally he adjusted himself to his new Prosperity and began to deplore the apparent Growth of Socialism.

This rugged and forceful Character, to whom the Muck-Rakers referred as a Baron, had a Daughter who started out as Katie when she carried the Hot Coffee over to Dad every Noon.

When she got her first Chip Diamond and Father switched from the Dudeen to Cigars, she was known in High School Circles as Katherine.

And when Pop got in on the main Divvy and began to take an interest in Paintings, the name went down on the Register at the Waldorf as Kathryn, in those peaked Sierra Nevada Letters about four inches high.

Katie used to go to St. Joseph's Hall once in a while with Martin, the Lad who helped around the Grocery.

Katherine regarded with much Favor a Pallid Drug Clerk who acted as a Clearing House for all Local Scandal.

But say, when Kathryn came back from a vine-clad Institute overlooking the historic Hudson and devoted to the embossing and polishing of the Female Progeny of those who have got away with it, she began working the Snuffer on all the Would-Bes

back in the Mill Town. When she got through extinguishing, the little Group that remained looked like the Remnant of the Old Guard at Waterloo.

Father had to stick around because occasionally the eight thousand Good Tempered Boys on the Pay Roll would begin to burn with Wood Alcohol and the Wrongs of Labor and pull off a few Murders, merely to hasten the Triumph of Justice.

By the way, Kathryn had a Mother who used to hide in a room upstairs and timidly inspect her new Silk Dresses.

Kathryn applied the Acid Test to her People and decided that they never could Belong.

She swung on the General Manager for a Letter of Credit big enough to set Ireland free and went traipsing off to the Old World under the chaperonage of a New York Lady who had seen Better Days.

Now it will be admitted that William J. Burns is Some Sleuth, but when it comes to apprehending and running to Earth a prattling American Ingénue with a few Millions stuffed in her Reticule, the Boy with the mildewed Title who sits on the Boulevard all day and dallies with the green and pink Bottled Goods has got it all over Burns like a Striped Awning.

All the starving members of the Up-Against-It Association were waiting at the Dock to cop the prospective Meal Ticket. Not one of them had ever Shaved or Worked and each wore his Handkerchief inside his Cuff and had Yellow Gloves stitched down the Back, and was fully entitled to sit in an Electric Chair and have 80,000 Volts distributed through the Steel Ribs of his Corset.

As soon as Kathryn began to meet the Roqueforts and Camemberts she discov-

ered that they had Lovely Eyes and certainly knew how to treat a Lady.

Kathryn had been brought up on Philadelphia Literature, and even during her most ambitious Social Flights she had encountered the Type of Man who remains on the opposite side of the Room having trouble with his White Gloves.

She never had been against those Willing Performers from Gascony who wore Red Ribbons and Medals and who rushed over to kiss the Hand and then look deep into her Eyes and throb like a Motor Boat.

This class of Work simply shot her Pulse up to 130 and made her think that she was Cleopatra, floating in the Royal Barge and surrounded by Crawling Slaves.

When a certain Markee crawled into her Lap and purred into her Ear and threatened to curl up on the Rug and die if

she Refused him, she simply keeled over with Excitement.

After she recovered, she found herself actually Engaged to the Representative of one of the Oldest Families in the Saucisson District of the Burgoo Province and as manly a Chap as ever borrowed Money from a Toe-Dancer.

'he hurried home to keep it out of the Newspapers and to tell those who would listen that American Men were Impossible. Then the Markee came over with his Solicitor and a Bottle of Chloroform and a full kit of Surgical Instruments, and the Wedding was fully reported by the Associated Press.

The Captain of Industry sized up Son-in-Law, and knew that when the Money was gone the Markee could always get a job hanging up Hats in the Check-Room of a first-class Table d'Hôte Restaurant.

From the window of her Château in the Burgoo Province the Lady Cashier can see the American Tourists going by in their hired Motor Cars. Her Cheek flushes with Delight when she happens to remember that in another Three Months or so, Friend Husband will come home long enough to show her where to sign her Name.

What is more, she has the Privilege of walking out at any time and picking Flowers with the Understanding that she is not to let it be known that she is related to any of her Relatives on either side of the Atlantic.

MORAL: Europeans made the Money and they had a Right to pull it down.

THE TWO UNFETTERED BIRDS

ONCE there was a Girl with a gleaming New Hampshire Forehead who used to exchange helpful Books with a studious young Man who had an Intellect of high Voltage.

It will not be necessary to name these ooks, as you never heard of them.

Laura and Edgar were Comrades, in a way. They met under the Student Lamp and talked about Schopenhauer and Walter Pater, but the Affair never got beyond that Point. It was not even warm enough to be called Platonic. It carried about as much Romantic Suggestion as a cold Hot Water Bag.

There grew up between them merely a

Fellowship of the Super-Mind, or what a Wimp wearing Tortoise-Shell Spectacles would call Cosmahogany.

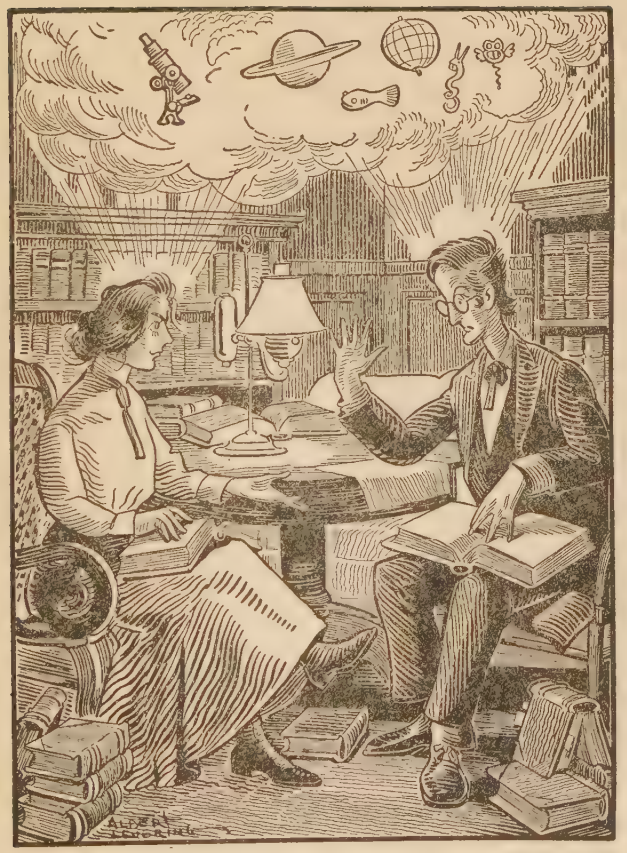
Having cleared away the Underbrush, we will now proceed with the Narrative.

Like every other Member of the Tribe of Mansard Mentalities, they regarded with much Contempt the School of Popular Fiction.

Do you think they would stand for any of that old-style Guff about Sir Ralph getting the Hammer-Lock on Dorothy just outside the Loggia? Not on your Thought Waves!

They regarded the Article commonly called Love as a lingering Symptom of some primeval Longing for Parlor Entertainment.

It was agreed that each Soul was free and independent, and had a right to run on its own private Time-Table.



"Laura and Edgar were Comrades, in a way"

Laura said she was going to live her Life in her own Way and that no Wallopus in striped Trousers could leave her marooned in a Flat, working under Sealed Orders.

Edgar did not choose to carry Overweight while working out his Career and grew faint at the very Thought of shouldering a lot of Domestic Responsibilities.

Marriage was an institution devised for Strap-Hangers who wanted to get their Names into the Paper.

It was a childish Refuge for those who lacked Courage to forsake the beaten Paths and strike out for the High Spots.

It will be seen that they were somewhat Advanced. As far back as 1890 they were living in the 21st Century.

Laura went in for Club Work and Cold Baths and Card-Indexing.

She felt sorry for the Married Women. They were always fussed up over getting a

Laundress or telling about new cases of Scarlet Rash or else 'phoning the Office to make sure that the Bread-Winner was at the Desk and behaving himself.

When she let down her Hair at Night she did not have to do any checking up or put the bottle of Squills on the Radiator.

She was Free and Happy. A little lonesome on Rainy Days, but the freest thing you ever saw and she had her Books.

Edgar looked about him and saw the Slaves of Matrimony watching the Clock and getting ready to duck at 11 P. M. and rejoiced inwardly.

He could land in at his little Independence Hall at 4 G. M., and turn on all the Lights and drape his Wardrobe over the Rugs and light Cigarettes and there was not a Voice to break the celestial Stillness.

He figured that Children must be an awful Worry.

He brooded over the Kid Proposition so much that soon after he was 30 years of Age he used to go around and borrow his Nephews and Nieces and take them to the Circus and buy expensive Presents for them and upset the Household Rules.

Occasionally he would take a new Book dealing with the Higher Things of Life up to his old friend Laura and he would find her feeding the Birds, with the Cat asleep in the Corner and an imported Dog with many Curls preëmpting the principal Chair.

They would discuss Prison Reform and Kipling and other Subjects in no way related to the awakening of the Maternal Instinct.

When he owned up to 40 and she had stopped talking about it, the Reading Habit was no longer a Novelty with him, so merely to kill Time, he was acting on the Visiting Board of an Orphan Asylum and was a

Director of the Fresh Air Fund and was putting the Office Boy through a Business College.

About the same time Laura was made the victim of a Conspiracy.

A designing Day Laborer and his Wife deliberately up and died, leaving a Chick of a Daughter, all helpless and alone.

Laura simply had to go over and grab the Young One and play Mother to her, because it all happened hardly a Mile from her own Door-Step.

She had been dodging these commonplace and old-fashioned Responsibilities all her Life and now cruel Circumstances compelled her to spend Hours in servile Attentions to a stray Specimen.

Of course, she had the Expert Advice of her old friend Edgar, who made out the Adoption Papers and sent a lot of Merchandise up to the House, out of the

promptings of a broad and general sentiment of Pity for the Unfortunate.

Even when they stood up to be Married they were still stringing themselves.

He was bald and grizzled and she was a little droopy around the Shoulders and had not been able to massage away the more important Wrinkles.

They scouted the Suggestion that it was a Love Match.

It seemed that she needed a Night Watchman and he was afraid to be alone in the Dark with the Memories of the Past.

MORAL: After you pass 40 you must take charge of something Human, even if it is only a Chauffeur.

THE TELLTALE TINTYPE

ONCE there was a worried Parent whose only Son could not quite make up his Mind whether to join a High School Frat or go on the Stage.

He was at the long-legged Age and walked Loose and stepped on his own Feet, and whenever he walked briskly across the Floor to ask some Tessie to dance with him, every one crowded back against the Wall to avoid getting one on the Shin.

He combed his Hair straight back, like a Sea Lion, and in Zero Weather wore a peculiar type of Low Shoe with a Hard-Boiled Egg in the Toe.

His overcoat was of Horse Blanket material with a Surcingle, and the Hat

needed a Hair Cut and a Shave. When he topped off his Mardi Gras Combination with a pair of Yellow Gloves that sounded like a Cry for Help and went teetering down the Street, his Father would vent Delight over the Fact that the Legislature had passed Game Laws.

One day at Luncheon Father got so Steamy that he had to blow off. So he opened up on Son and practically wiped him off the Map. He sure burned him Alive.

He kidded the whole Make-Up and said he was the Male Parent of a Champion Gillie, whatever that is.

He said the Hat was a Scream and the Overcoat was a Riot and the overlapping Collar with the dinky Four-in-Hand was a Comic Supplement, and why had such a Freak been wished on to a hard-headed Business Man.

He laughed brutally at the low comedy Shoes with the swollen Promontories and the Trousers with the double Reef and the folding Cuffs and the Hair with the Patent-Leather Gloss.

Mother sat back tapping her Foot and trying to hold in, but she was Sore as a Crab, for she loved her Lambkin.

Finally she could not stand it any longer, so she rushed to Boudoir and produced from Bureau Drawer the Tintype which Papa had slipped to her just 8 weeks before they faced the Justice of the Peace at Akron, Ohio.

It was the True likeness of a Male Hyena whose Hair was combed low on the Forehead into a gummy and passionate Cow-Lick.

He had one of those Gates Ajar Collars that was primarily intended to display the Adam's Apple in all of its naked Splendor.

The Shirt was ruffled the same as the

Lingerie in an Advertisement, and the Watch Chain was of Human Hair, which is now regarded as a Penitentiary Offense.

The Boutonnière was a Carnation against a Leaf of Geranium with Tin Foil below, which is no longer being done in the Best Families.

The form-fitting Trousers led gradually down to Congress Gaiters pointed on the End like Nut-Picks.

Father took one Peek at Exhibit A and then gave Albert a V and told him to hunt up some of his Boy Friends and take them to a Matinee at the Orpheum.

MORAL: Whatever you may be, your Parents were more so at the same Age.

THE END

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